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THE BABE AND THE MINSTREL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A cherub in its mother's arms
Look'd from a casement high,
And pleasure o'er its features stray'd
As on his simple organ play'd
A boy of Italy.

So, day by day, his skill he plied,
With still increasing zeal,
For well the glittering coin he knew
That, pleased, those fairy fingers threw
Would buy his frugal meal.

But then, alas! there came a change,—
Unnoticed was his song,—
And in that uprais'd, earnest eye
There dwelt a silent wonder why
The baby slept so long.

That polished brow, those lips of rose
Beneath the flowers were laid,—
But where the music never tires
Among the white-robed angel choirs
The chainless spirit stray'd.

Still, lingering at the accustomed place
The minstrel plied his art,—
Though its soft symphony of words
Convulsed with pain the broken chords
Within the mother's heart.

They told him that the child was dead
And must return no more,—
"*Dead! dead!*"—to his bewildered ear,
A foreign tongue inured to hear,
The sound no import bore.

At length,—by slow degrees the truth
O'er his young spirit stole,
And with sad step he went his way,
No more for that blest babe to play,
The tear-drop in his soul.

Washington, D. C., May 10th, 1858.

THE CAPTIVES AND THE RENEGADE.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE CRISIS.

The main creek was distant some fifty yards from the concealment of the fugitives; and the paddles of the savages, as they approached and passed the mouth of the inlet, could be distinctly heard; but all sounds gradually died away as they continued up the stream, and for several minutes deep silence again prevailed.

"By thunder!" said Seth, at length, in a guarded whisper; "ef we only had our boat in the creek now, I do believe we could go down and gin the brutes the dodge, arter all!"

"If you think it advisable to make the venture," replied Eugene, in the same guarded whisper, "we can quietly run the boat down."

"No, Cap'n—it wouldn't do to risk doing it now—kase we don't know how soon the thieves mought come back; and any kind of a mistake would gin 'em the adwantage of fust fire and attack, which we've got now, the way things is."

After this remark, some five, ten, and even fifteen minutes passed away; during which, save one or two far-off yells, apparently of disappointment, nothing was heard of the enemy.

"I do believe it mought hev been done!" again whispered Seth, in a manner indicating not a little regret for the loss of so momentous an opportunity of escape. "I do believe it mought hev been done! But then how war a feller to know that the nosing hounds war a gwine so fur off afore they come back?"

"But might it not be tried still?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"No!" replied Seth—"it's too late now, sart'in. Hark! don't you hear 'em agin?"

"I hear nothing but the twittering of some birds," said Eugene, after listening a short time.

"That's kase you arn't so used to the woods as me," rejoined Seth.

"But where do they seem to be?" inquired the other. "Have they discovered our retreat? and are they following us up this little channel?"

"It's mighty hard telling what the brutes is doing; for the sounds as I hear is powerful weak, and the seamps hev a way o' thar own; but I reckon one boat ar' s'arching round for us—thinking as we've dodged up among the bushes somewhar—while t'other's gone straight on, to make the thing sure."

"But will they not be likely to think we have betaken ourselves to the woods, and so either give up the search or take to the woods themselves?" inquired Eugene, hurriedly, with another slight renewal of hope.

"Ef they'd find the boat and not us, I think as how they mought," answered Seth; "but they'll know we couldn't take that with us; and till they find that, it's purty like they'll keep on the s'arch."

With now and then a remark of a similar nature, minute after minute, and even hour after hour, went by, without the enemy making his appearance, though more than once heard in so close a proximity as to cause our friends to more firmly grasp their weapons, and brace their nerves for the dread encounter.

Hour after hour, we say, thus passed away, and finally all sounds connected with the enemy ceased entirely. What could it mean? Had the Indians searched long, and diligently, and in vain, and returned disappointed to their companions? This would have been a natural inference, had the pursuers been other than the keen, vigilant, patient natives of the forest—who, with a sort of feline watchfulness, never deserted their prey while there remained a hope of capture; and it might be the case even as it was; and the very thought was calculated to awaken the most anxious and tremulous feelings of hope in the breasts of those whose lives and liberty depended upon the fact.

As the excitement consequent upon what was believed to be the sharp pursuit began to die away, a keen sense of hunger began to be expe- the day, and neither of the parties [illegible] well toward the middle of morsel since the usual supper-hour of the preceding evening.

"Even if we do escape from the Indians, it may only be to perish of hunger at last," said Eugene to his companion in adversity.

"Wall, only let me git away from the fust, and t'other won't bother me a great deal," said Seth; "for I can live on a'most anything, and anywhar! Ef we only had a rifle along, and it warn't so dangerous to shoot, I'd soon fotch you so'thing for the wench to cook; but as it ar', ef we can only git cl'ar afloat agin, and leave all the red niggers ahind us, I s'pect it's like we can hold out two or three days, anyhow; and by that time, ef we hev good luck, we'll reach somewhar, unless all the people out hereaways has traveled."

"Do you not think we may be near some station?" inquired Eugene.

"Can't say, Cap'n—kase I don't know whar we is—but it's like we may be as near as fifty or a hundred mile."

"And that distance, if we were fairly in the current of the Ohio, we could soon pass."

"Ef we didn't do like we done last night," returned Seth—"go up stream jest as fast, if not a little faster, than the water could take us down."

"Do you really think we went up stream all night? Is it not as likely that we were going down stream, a part of the time at least? and that this is not the same band of savages that captured our boat?"

"Don't know nothing 'bout what we done, and tharforsomever can't say."

"It has been more than an hour now," observed Eugene, "since we heard the savages go past us on their fruitless search; and so, do you not think we had better reconnoitre our position, and ascertain whether our foes have retired, or are on the watch?"

"That arn't a bad idee, Cap'n—and ef you like, I'll try it by myself, while you jest stay here quiet, and keep a sharp look out."

Saying this, Seth slowly gathered himself upon his feet, stretched and shook himself, and, promising to be cautious, glided stealthily through the bushes, and soon disappeared, leaving Eugene to await his return in anxious suspense. For some quarter of an hour the latter did not change his position, but listened almost breathlessly, and at times started nervously, when any unusual sound broke upon his ear. The longer Seth remained absent without a warning signal, the more he felt he had reason to hope; and at length he crept stealthily back to the boat; and so noiselessly, that neither Blanche—who was sitting on one of the thwarts, with her head resting on her hand, apparently buried in thought—nor Rose—who was lying, face downward, at the feet of her mistress—heard his approach.

"How fares it with you, Miss Blanche?" he whispered. "I fear you must be faint after so long a fast!"

The maiden looked up quickly, with something of a start, and replied:

"I care nothing for food at present, Eugene; but this long suspense I find to be very trying—very painful—so much so that I would have my fate settled, be it for good or be it for evil. What hope is there of our escape?"

"Much more, I think, than when we entered the creek in the morning," replied Eugene; "but still there is nothing certain. The enemy has apparently departed; and I trust that Seth, who has been some time gone to reconnoitre, will soon return with good news."

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Blanche; "but whether good or bad, let us make another effort to escape—for better can I bear perilous activity, than this idle, even though peaceful, uncertainty."

"But is it not better for us to bear any uncertainty in freedom, however irksome, than by rashness to precipitate our[illegible] into new perils, and end in becoming the [illegible] of a foe who, [illegible] mercy?" returned Eugene, quickly. "It was you, Miss Blanche, who not only warned, but commanded, me against peril, at a moment when I fancied a bold effort might save you, even though at the cost of my own life; and now you would plunge into danger yourself, merely to escape from your own thoughts! Do not think of such a thing—it is wrong; and you yourself must confess that, if it was not right for me, it cannot be for you."

"It is not right, Eugene!" rejoined Blanche, quickly; "it is not right! and instead of frivolous complainings, I will humbly and earnestly thank God that we are yet all living, and still beyond the grasp of our foes!"

"Ah! wo the day, Miss Blanche, that saw me bear to you glad tidings from those you love!" sighed Eugene; "and had I then known to what my message was to tend, sooner would I have suffered torture than have delivered it, and thus brought you into perils from which I would now gladly give my life to rescue you. Twice have I made this same voyage in safety; and oh! why was it so fated that these dark misfortunes, if doomed to fall upon me, could not have fallen when you were not present?"

"Oh, Eugene! I pray you think more of yourself and less of me!" said Blanche, looking down, with a slight glow gently diffusing itself over her pale features. "You are continually speaking of my life, as if it were more valuable than your own; and yet it is as important for you to escape as me—more important, if only one of us can."

Eugene started, for there was something in the tone and manner in which these words were spoken, more even than in the words themselves, that seemed to express an interest of the fair girl in his welfare, beyond that of mere companionship or friendship, which caused his heart to beat wildly; and he was about to make a reply in keeping with his feelings, when a hand suddenly placed upon his shoulder, caused him to clutch his knife and turn quickly, prepared to strike should it prove to be an enemy.

But it was only the boatman, who had stolen cautiously up, unheard and unperceived by either of the parties, and who said, with a kind of laughing reproof:

"You keep bad watch, Cap'n! Ef I'd a been a cussed Wyandot or Shawnee, I'd a had all your scalps afore this."

"But what news? what news, Seth?" quickly demanded Eugene.

"Didn't get a sight o' nary nigger—onless it war t'other side o' the Ohio—and of that I arn't sartin."

"Ah, God be praised!" returned Eugene, fairly trembling with hope. "And do you think the savages have really left us, Seth, and gone back? given up the search entirely?"

"It kind o' looks that thar way," replied the boatman; "but then the imps is so amazing cunning sometimes, that it won't do to be too sure of nothing; and it often happens that jest as a feller think he's got away, he haint."

"But if not gone back and given up the search, where do you suppose they are?" inquired Blanche.

"Skulking, it's like, somewhar along down the creek, waiting for us to come out o' our hiding-place."

"Then it will not be safe for us to leave at present?"

"No, Miss Blanche, I reckon not."

"And how long will it be necessary for us to remain here?"

"I don't think it'll be safe to leave afore about dark."

"And all this long day without food!" sighed Eugene; "not that I mind it so much myself, but that I know Miss Blanche must suffer."

"Wall," rejoined Seth, "I'm one o' them that allers likes to be in at *feeding time*—but I'd rayther starve a week than be cotched by the Injuns, ef only for the name o' the thing."

"Give yourself no trouble about me," said Blanche, "for I shall do very well through the day; but oh! I would that the night were come, for further action and the final decision of our fate!"

Slowly and wearily hour after hour passed away, nothing more being heard from the savages, and the fugitives remaining concealed in the manner we have already described. As the tedious day drew near its close, the anxiety of our friends, with its alternate hopes and fears, became intense; and they eagerly and tremulously watched for the going down of the sun, as the signal for renewing their efforts at escape.

When at length the long-wished-for time had arrived, as indicated by the dark shades around them beginning to deepen into the darker gloom of night, the low but cheerful voice of Seth, as he announced the welcome fact, sent a thrill almost of joy through the hearts of those who heard him.

"May God be with us, in this renewed attempt to escape from our enemies!" said Eugene, with fervent solemnity, as he and Seth re-entered the boat, and began slowly, cautiously, and silently to start it down the narrow, winding channel toward the larger creek.

So silently and cautiously did our friends proceed in fact, that, though the distance to the main creek was not fairly a stone's throw, yet some ten or fifteen minutes were consumed in getting there; by which time the shades of night had so thickened around them, that objects at a little distance could only be dimly perceived, and then generally in whatever shape the fancy chose to mold them.

"Now," whispered Seth, "you must all keep stiller than ever; for ef the brutes is skulking about, it's like they'll be watching below here, and the least bit o' noise will bring them upon us. Ef we can only reach the channel of the Ohio this time, we'll jest gin 'em a far'well in 'arnest."

Then carefully dipping his sculling oar, and working it easily and silently, he sent the boat slowly forward, down the center of the creek, guided by the faint light which stole in through the slight openings among the branches of the trees which overarched the gently-gliding stream.

Onward, slowly, cautiously, silently, passed the the little boat with its human freight—each heart beating nervously with its contending emotions of hope and fear; while every object, on either side, was scanned by eager eyes, and every sound listened to with fear-quickened apprehension.

Thus another five, ten, and even fifteen minutes were taken up in traveling a distance which the same parties had passed in the morning in one-eighth of the time; and then the waters of the Ohio once more rolled before them, in a dim, but brighter, light than they had left behind, gladdening their hearts with the hope that their salvation now was near.

But alas for human hopes and human joys, when the dread fiat of doom and wo has gone forth! for, like summer flowers in the wintry blast, they must utterly perish by a power against which there is no intrinsic power to guard.

Our friends had just fairly reached the mouth of the creek and the waters of the Ohio, and were eagerly looking before them with intense and gladdened interest, when suddenly, with the most terrific and appalling yells, a canoe filled with savages shot out from a near covert, and poured in a deadly fire upon them. With a loud shriek, poor Rose, who had started wildly to her feet, fell forward upon her mistress, pierced through the heart and the brain; the gallant boatman, with a still louder cry—whether of pain, defiance, or both together, none could tell—plunged suddenly over the side of the boat into the water, and disappeared; Eugene, as he impulsively rose, with the instinct of self-preservation, received a blow on the head, which stretched him senseless upon the gory corpse of the black; while almost in the same breath, the half-fainting Blanche found herself violently seized and pinioned in the arms of a huge savage.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

The work was done! The wo had come! The suspense was ended! The doom had fallen! Our unfortunate voyagers, after all their hopes and fears, struggles and vicissitudes, were all now—save one, whose fate was alike unknown to friend or enemy—either still in death, or groaning in the power of a merciless and barbarous foe.

After taking possession of the boat and binding Blanche—scalping, stripping, and throwing overboard the body of her unfortunate servant—a part of the savages seemed to hold a consultation over the senseless form of Eugene, whether to serve him in the same manner as they had the black or not; while the others plunged into the water in search of the missing boatman, who, whether living or dead, was not to be found. After a short suspense, during which poor Blanche trembled for the fate of Eugene, the latter began to show some signs of returning animation; and this seemed to fix the decision of his enemies, who forthwith proceeded to bind him, and leave him in the boat, probably with a view of saving his life and reserving him for a more horrible doom.

In a little time everything was completed; and leaving one of their number with their prisoners, as a sort of guard, and attaching the boat to the canoe by a thong of deerskin, the savages set off across the river to join their friends on the other side.

On nearing the point where they had first been discovered by our voyagers, they gave the scalp halloo, followed by two others of a sharp, shrill, peculiar nature, as signals of their successful return, and the number of their prisoners. These signals were immediately answered by the party on shore, who came down to the Ohio to meet them—and who kept along the bank of the creek, as the captives were being towed up, continually uttering the most wild and appalling yells of drunken triumph—and which proved, indeed, to be the same party that had captured the larger boat the evening previous, and from whom our friends, by a terrible fatality, had been unable to escape.

A few words of explanation may here be proper, to show the true state of affairs. The savages, into whose hands the ill-fated captives and their goods had fallen, were a body of some fifty warriors, mostly of the Shawnee tribe, having three or four inferior chiefs along with them, besides the renegade already mentioned, who not only possessed considerable authority, but also acted as an interpreter and decoy. They had come down hither from their towns on the Miami, some few days previous, for the purpose of decoying on shore if they could, or otherwise attacking and plundering, the passing boats; and they had been successful in taking two, and putting to death the crews of both; and were about to break up their camp and return with their booty; when, during the last night of their intended stay, they were aroused by the noise made by our friends in their attempt to get off from the muddy shore where they had run aground. Comprehending at once their situation, the whole body of savages had drawn near the spot, keeping perfectly still, till the first boatman had fallen into their hands; when his cries of alarm, at the moment they were despatching him, by giving warning to the others, had convinced them that concealment was no longer necessary, and had thus caused them to give vent to their own terrifying yells. Immediately after that, a number of them had carefully felt their way to the boat, and thus taken possession of it; but determined to make it still more secure, they had fastened their ropes to it; and partly by using the small boats and canoes in their possession, and partly by operating on shore, they had cautiously felt their way round, and towed it up the creek, as already known to the reader. In its new position, believing it perfectly safe, and finding those within would not surrender till daylight—and also considering it next to impossible for them to escape—they had once more retired to rest, leaving only one or two on the watch—who, as Seth had conjectured they would, had become drowsy and gradually fallen asleep.

Had it not been for the disturbance made by the negro, our friends would undoubtedly have made their escape without their enemies being aware of it till the following day; and even as it was, they might have got safely off, but for their fatal mistake of taking the wrong direction, and laboring against a current which naturally would have taken them some miles below during the few hours which then remained to them of darkness. In fact, the Indians had believed them to have escaped beyond a chance of being taken; and abandoning all idea of pursuit, they had turned back to the captured boat, which proved to be rich in freight beyond their most sanguine expectations; but discovering the fugitives on the return of day, and at once comprehending the mistake they had made, their good humor had become much increased, and many and merry had been their gratulations over the event.

Despatching a couple of canoes in pursuit—one of which had returned about the middle of the day, while the other had remained at the mouth of the Kentucky creek on the watch—the main body had given themselves up to the hilarity and enjoyment occasioned by the unexpected acquisition of so much booty; and having brought forth the goods, and made a distribution of them in their rude way,

they had next attacked the liquor, and wound up the day with a boisterous carousal.

It was at this juncture of affairs that the signals of the last returning party announced their success, which tended still more to increase the wild triumph of all; and on the prisoners being brought to the landing point, the whole body flocked thither; and while Eugene and Blanche were being moved from the boat, and the cords taken from their ankles, the savages gave vent to their feelings in the fiercest screeches and yells of drunken excitement—their grim and hideously painted visages, and their half-naked and dusky forms, appearing to the eyes of Blanche, as they flitted to and fro between her and the lurid lights of their camp behind them, like so many demons of the infernal realm!

Prominent among those who crowded around the poor prisoners, bearing in his hand a lighted pine-knot, was a short, square-built white man, apparently about thirty years of age, with black hair and eyes, and coarse, sensual features, and who was none other than the renegade who figured as the envoy of the savages in a preceding chapter. Throwing the light full upon the pale features of Blanche, and the somewhat bloody face of Eugene, as they stood almost side by side, he said, with a sneer:

"So, then, you're the runaways that have put us to all this here trouble, hey? Now what do you think of yourselves? Don't you feel mean, to find you didn't do it? Who's the one I had a talk with last night?"

"I presume I am," answered Eugene, in a manner that seemed to denote that he thought himself bound to reply, in order to mitigate, if possible, any severity that otherwise might be shown to him and his fair companion.

"And a nice business you made on't, with the twenty rifles you bragged about, didn't you? Whar's them thar shooting-pieces now? and whar's them as war going to shoot 'em?"

"I am in your power," returned Eugene, "and have no friends that can assist me now?"

"No, nor you don't desarve any, arter the way you treated me!" returned the other. "Didn't you tell me you warn't agwine to escape? and didn't I tell you, if you'd surrender peaceable, that the Injuns would treat you as brothers?"

"But for all that, I thought I would prefer my liberty," replied the young Virginian. "Would you not yourself have made a like attempt under like circumstances?"

"P'r'aps I would," returned the renegade; "but if I did, and didn't get away, I'd 'spect to take the consequences."

"I failed, and am therefore in the power of yourself and companions," answered the other.

"Oh, let us alone for knowing that; you needn't repeat that agin; the biggest fool of an Injun we've got amongst us can tell that thar as well as you. Yes, you're in our power, that's sartin; and if we use it, you've no right to complain. If you'd done what I told you to, I'd a felt in honor bound to see you treated decent; but you took your own course, and now have got to take the consequences, whatsomever they may be."

"And what is to be done with us?" inquired Eugene.

"Can't say; but it's like *you*, at least, will roast at a slow fire!"

"Oh, my God!" exclaimed Blanche, who had closely watched the hideous faces around her, and listened with painful interest to every word spoken. "Surely," she added, quickly, "the Indians will not put him to the torture! Remember, he has done nothing to merit so cruel a treatment as that!"

"Who're you, that speaks up for him so quick and sharp?" cried the other, gruffly.

"His friend and companion in adversity," answered Blanche.

"Wife or sister?" queried the renegade.

"Neither," returned Blanche, with a slight flush mantling her pale features, as she looked up at her rude questioner and the savages who were crowding around, the latter apparently listening to the conversation, though with the stolid air of persons who comprehended but little of what was said.

"Humph!" sneered the other; "lovers, I s'pose?"

"No, sir—*not* lovers, even!" returned Blanche, somewhat curtly. "This gentleman is my friend and companion—my father's private secretary and agent; and even if he were not, I should feel myself justified in protesting against any cruelty being exercised upon him."

"'Pon my honor," rejoined the other, "you're one on 'em for putting on airs! It strikes me, if I war in your situation, I'd think about myself."

"Undoubtedly!" said Blanche, coolly. "If I am anything of a judge of human nature, you are just the person who would think about yourself—in any and every case—first, last, and solely."

"Hello!" exclaimed the renegade, with an air of some surprise, at the same time bringing the light of his torch to bear more clearly upon the features of Blanche; "beauty, wit, and pride, hey! and all combined in one little female! Come, I raythor like so'thing sharp and sassy! I reckon me and you'll get better acquainted afore we're done."

"I fear so," replied Blanche, haughtily.

"Do you?" said the other, with a kind of laugh. "And who'll be the loser by it?"

"I shall," was the uncomplimentary response.

"Humph! indeed!" returned the renegade. "Come, you interest me more'n ary pet I've got! Who ar' you?"

"A woman in distress, or you would not stand there and insult me!"

"Good!" returned the other, with a coarse, hearty laugh: "Beauty, wit, pride and spunk! Good! We can't afford to burn you, that's sartin; you'll have to live to take charge of the wigwam of a chief; and as I'm a sort of a chief, I think I'll speak for you fust. Only get you tamed down—and a few months at hoeing corn, dragging wood and water, and cooking ginerally, I think 'll do that—and then I reckon you'll be one o' the best pieces agoing."

To this Blanche returned no answer; but Eugene involuntarily uttered a groan, at the horrible picture thus presented to his mental perception.

"Humph!" grunted the renegade again, with a sneering smile, fixing his eyes upon the young Virginian; "that tickles you, does it? Well, we'll find a way to tickle you mor'n that, afore you get off agin. What's your name?"

"You said last night that names didn't matter," replied the young man.

"Come, come, you cub, we'll take no airs from you, whatsomever we does from the gal! It's like me and you both lied last night; but if you don't tell the truth now, I'll cut your cussed heart out! What's your name, I say? whar ar' you from? and whar war you going to?"

Had Eugene been alone, he might have hesitated to reply to such insulting language, and so braved the anger of the other rather than give him satisfaction; and even as it was, he seemed to hesitate, till a whisper from Blanche advised him to answer correctly, and not unnecessarily provoke one who had them in his power; when he immediately stated his name, birthplace, and destination.

"A Wirginian, hey?" returned the questioner, a sardonic smile playing over his coarse, ugly features. "Well, I love the Wirginians, I do, and I'm one of 'em myself. It strikes me too I've heered your name afore—for I war once living in that same county you name."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Eugene—who, not perceiving the expression which accompanied the words, brightened up a little with the thought, that perhaps one who had been a resident of his native place, might possibly have some little sympathetic feeling for his companion and himself. "Then I trust," he added, "you are a true Virginian, and that we shall receive such treatment at your hands as is due from a citizen of the Old Dominion to his more unfortunate fellow countrymen."

"What's her name?" demanded the other, without taking any notice of Eugene's remark.

"She is the daughter of Colonel Philip Bertrand, of whom you doubtless have heard," answered Eugene.

At the mention of this name, the renegade started suddenly, and a strange, diabolical expression swept over his face; and then his eyes fairly glowed, and his teeth fairly grated, as he hissed forth, rather than said:

"*She* a daughter of Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle?"

"Well, suppose I am?" resumed Blanche, not a little surprised that the name of her father should excite such violent emotion in the breast of her white foe.

"Speak!" stamped the renegade: "yes or no! Ar' Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle, your father?"

"Colonel Philip Bertrand, formerly of Albemarle County, is my father!" replied Blanche, in a calm, quiet, dignified tone, keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon the naturally harsh and repulsive features of him who stood before her, his one hand slightly waving the torch to and fro, and the other involuntarily feeling for the haft of his long hunting-knife.

Suddenly the renegade burst into a loud, harsh, demoniacal laugh, and then exclaimed:

"It's not often that so much good luck piles itself up in a man's life without no trouble to him; and this here begins to make a rigelar Christian of me; for it shows me as wrongs will come right, some time, if we'll only be patient and wait the Lord's time. You don't understand this, do you, Miss Bertrand?"

"Most certainly not," returned Blanche.

"Well, I'm going to tell you—for I'm the one as wouldn't keep the secret from you for the world!—Oh, no—not me! Fust, then, did you ever happen to hear the name of Ralph Hawley?"

"Ralph Hawley!" replied Blanche, slowly, as one musing: "I think I have heard that name before."

"Well, did you ever hear any good about it?"

"I do not know that I ever did—it seems to be impressed upon my mind unpleasantly."

"You heerd your father mention it, per'aps?"

"I do not especially remember—it may have been my father."

"Well, what *did* you hear?—don't you remember nothing?"

"I have heard nothing of late years," answered Blanche; "but it seems as if I now remember of having heard something when I was quite a child."

"Yes! well? yes! what war that? what war that?" cried the other, excitedly.

"If I remember rightly, it was to the effect that Ralph Hawley stole something, and was publicly disgraced for the act."

"Yes! but *did* you hear what he stole? and who from? and how he come to steal it? and how he war disgraced? and who disgraced him?" cried the other vehemently, beginning to foam at the mouth from the effect of his madly excited passions.

"If I ever did hear, I do not clearly remember now," replied Blanche.

"Well, then, I'll just tell you, so's you can remember when next you're axed. I—me—the man you see afore you—the man that took from white life to Injun—I'm the man we're speaking about."

"I suspected as much from your remarks," returned Blanche.

"Yes! I'm him—the man of the boy that stole, and got whipped for't right afore all my friends—for I war a boy then, not more'n ten or twelve years old; and if you war born, it's like you war a baby. Yes! and now I'll tell you how it war—and what I stole for—and who from—and who disgraced me—the eternal cusses of perdition be on him for't!"

Saying this, he hurled the torch into the river, buried his hands in his matted hair, as if he would tear it out by the roots, stamped his feet violently upon the ground, gnashed his teeth furiously, and otherwise appeared as one rendered suddenly insane by the dark remembrance.

Both Blanche and Eugene felt not a little alarmed, lest, in that moment of blind fury, he should forget they were not the aggressors, and hurl the accumulated vengeance of years upon their devoted heads. It might have been that some such bloody purpose was in his mind—for quickly drawing his knife, he whirled the gleaming blade aloft, and took one step forward toward those who stood so helplessly at his mercy.

But whether his design were evil or not, no serious result followed; for two or three of the Indians standing by, probably fearing they might lose their victims, at once interposed; and partly by persuasion, and partly by force, drew him away from the captives; while some three or four others led Blanche and Eugene back a short distance, and made each fast to a sapling, almost facing each other, within the bright light of the main fire of their camp.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF CAPTIVITY.

Eugene Fairfax had been severely wounded by the blow upon the head which laid him senseless at the moment of capture; and as he now stood exposed to the lurid glare of the fire, with streaks of blood disfiguring his otherwise pale and handsome face, his appearance was calculated to awaken sympathy in any breast not steeled to the noble sentiment of pity; and as there was at least one such heart to note his sufferings, there was at least one prayer to ascend to the Supreme Source for his deliverance—and that, too, from one for whose own deliverance he as ardently prayed in return.

Whatever may have been the earlier feelings of Blanche in regard to one whose position in life only made any inferiority between them, it was not in her nature to be long with him, under such trials as had beset them both, and witness his unselfish devotion to her welfare, and not find a sentiment awakened in her breast corresponding in some degree to that which had actuated him from the earliest years of ripening manhood.

The natural disposition of Blanche—as is generally the case with all who possess great courage, firmness, and pride—was to conceal the more gentle and tender sentiments of her nature—not only from those around her, but even in a measure from herself; and it was only at such times as some sudden emotion threw her off her guard, that her secret feelings became revealed; and these ebullitions of her inmost soul, as we have seen, had caused Eugene more than one joyous surprise, and even startled herself into a precipitate retreat behind her bulwarks of coldness and pride. In fact, as he had been more anxious to save her than himself, so she had been more anxious for his escape than her own: not that she did not dread falling into the hands of the savages; but if this were fated so to be, and there was a possibility of *his* escape, she could not bear the thought of his being a fellow captive; and she now gazed upon his pale, bloody, and dejected features with tearful eyes, thinking little of herself the while, but pondering the awful doom which in all probability would be his.

But little time was given the poor captives to gaze upon each other; for scarcely had the parties which had conducted and secured them to the trees retired, when some dozen or twenty more appeared upon the scene, brandishing their knives and tomahawks in drunken excitement—whooping, yelling, and dancing around their prisoners—shaking the scalps of those they had slain in their very faces—and seemingly, by their wild and furious gestures, threatening both with instant death. In fact, they might have proceeded to the most violent extremities, had not the first party, who seemed possessed of considerable authority, returned and interfered in the most positive manner, protecting the poor captives at great personal risk to themselves.

At length, when all had again withdrawn to the other side of the camp, to renew their potations from an open keg of spirits, both Eugene and Blanche were surprised to hear the voice of Duke not far behind them, speaking in low, earnest tones of expostulation and entreaty.

"Dar, now—dar, now—dat's a cl'ar case, Marse Chief: I's tell you truth, dat dis pusson didn't know nuffiin 'bout what you wanted to know, I's didn't; and so don't roast me for dat dar what I's didn't know, good masser!"

To this there was a reply, or rejoinder, in a tone too low for our friends to distinguish the words; and immediately after there was a rustling among the bushes close at hand; and the next moment Ralph Hawley stalked forward into the light of the fire, and stopped in a position to confront both of the prisoners; whom, for a short time, he silently regarded with looks of fierce, malignant hate. Then folding his arms across his breast, and knitting his low forehead into a fearfully savage scowl, he moved slowly up to Blanche, till he stood within a couple of feet of her, when he again paused, and fixed his black, snaky eyes upon her, as if he would read her very soul.

"So," he said at length, drawing in his breath and almost hissing out the words between his closed teeth, "you're the daughter of Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle? I'm right proud to hear it, but ar' a'most a feared it's too good news to be true."

"I suppose, from all I have heard you say, I may as well make up my mind to some very rough treatment!" said Blanche.

"Well, that's purty much according as you behave yourself!" replied Hawley. "I don't know as it follers, bekase I've got a dead grudge agin your father, that I'm bound to treat you any the wuss for't."

"And why have you such bitter enmity against my father?" inquired Blanche.

"Why?" returned Hawley, fiercely; "I will tell you why—that's just what I come here for now—for you know so'thing, and I want you to know all. I war a poor boy that lived back with my mother amongst the hills, just on the edge of your father's property, in a old shanty about good enough for niggers to live in, whar nobody come often, and whar nobody cared about us. Well, you see, my mother tuk sick one day, and arter a bit we used up everything we had to eat; and then, whatsomever mought come on't, I swore I warn't agwine to see her starve; but I war a leetle too proud to beg, for all; and so, knowing that your father had enough and to spare, I walked over into his fields, and cotched a lamb, and killed it, and made some soup on't for my old mother, and eat some o' the meat myself. Well, to make a long story short, I war seen to do it, and your father come with a whole party, and had me up for it. He tuk me out, called together all the boys and men around as know'd me, and gin me a public whipping, and disgraced me forever. I war a boy then, as I said afore; but I had feeling, and I reckon thar war some good in me till that whipping tuk it all out, and made me a parfect devil. Nobody knows with what feelings I went home arter that disgrace, and how I swore I'd be revenged on the whole white race, which I've hated ever since, and your father with a more savage hate than all the rest. I swore I'd be revenged on him some day, and it's been my wish for years; but I war beginning to be afeard it 'ud never be, when, what should turn up but you, his daughter, falling into my hands, just like as if Providence had sent you on purpose. Well, to end my story, I'll just say I waited round in that thar quarter till my old mother died, living a life of shame and disgrace, with everybody flinging at me that I war a thief, and had been whipped. Arter she died I put out and j'ined the Injuns; and since then I've paid my cussed race back in blood! blood! blood! and so I've sworn to keep on doing as long as I live! Thar, now," concluded the renegade, "you know what kind of a man you've got to deal with, and how happy I ar' in knowing you're the daughter of Philip Bertrand, of Albemarle—that you're in my power—and that, through you, I can wring the blood out of his very heart like."

"And wherefore," said Blanche, "do you seek such terrible revenge for what, according to your own showing, was scarcely more than an act of justice?"

"Justice!" almost yelled the other; "do you call it justice to snatch up a poor boy, and whip him afore all his acquaintances, just for getting so'thing for his poor sick mother and himself to eat?"

"But you had no moral right to take what was not your own; and had you asked for it, my father, I am sure, would cheerfully have given you all you required."

"But if he'd been the right kind of a man, he'd a pitied me as it war, knowing as he did the whole case, instead of taking me out and whipping me, and making a rigelar devil of me! But don't mention your father no more! for the very thought of him makes my blood bile! and I just feel as if I wanted to do so'thing awful wicked to you whensomever I think you're his daughter!"

"But if you have any sense of justice," returned Blanche, "you must see that I am not to blame for his acts."

"But if I punish you, don't you think that thar'll punish him?" inquired the renegade.

"He will be grieved about my loss, but he will not know that he is in any way indebted to you for it."

"Wont he?" sneered the other; "if you think so, then you don't know Ralph Hawley. D'ye think I wont find a way to let him know that the boy he whipped ar' paying him back for't?"

"Then you are resolved he shall know I am your prisoner? a prisoner among the Indians?"

"Know it!" cried Hawley; "yes, he *shall* know it, if I have to go myself, afoot and alone, all the way to whar he ar' to tell him!"

This was joyful news to Blanche—for she believed that her father, were he to know of her situation, would find a way to rescue her, though it might require an army; but she prudently concealed her feelings from the renegade, lest, catching her expectation, he might change his mind and thwart her hopes.

After some further conversation of a similar nature, the renegade retired—nor was he seen any more by our friends through the long, tedious night which followed. The Indians continued their carousal till a late hour, whooping, yelling and quarreling, and apparently getting more and more intoxicated every moment. A few, as before mentioned, seemed to refrain almost entirely from drinking, as if to keep a proper guard over the others; and these had occasion, more than once, to interfere to protect the prisoners from the furious assaults of their liquor-maddened companions.

When at last the whole camp had gradually settled down into quiet, two Indians brought food to the captives; and after allowing them a sufficient time to eat what nature craved, they brought them water; after which they made each lie down upon the ground, and bound them in such a manner that they could neither get up nor move without pain; and then camping down beside them, the guard fell asleep, and appeared to sleep soundly till morning—though the poor captives could scarcely refrain from groaning with pain, mental and physical, at almost every breath.

So passed the first night of their captivity.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A MODEL WIFE.

Max Raynor and his wife were quoted as models of matrimonial behavior in Hillsdale. The young bachelors who were desiring or anticipating a speedy entrance upon the delights and responsibilities of the "holy estate of matrimony," hoped they might find *such* a wife as Max Raynor's; and the old ones, who had grown cynical and morose under the influence of many disappointments, and much wear and tear of the affections, sometimes vowed, as they looked upon their dilapidated hosiery, stringless dickeys, and buttonless waistcoats, that if they were sure, *only sure*, of getting such a woman, such a housekeeper, such a nice, stay-at-home body, as that lucky fellow, Raynor, had for a wife, "why, by Jove, they didn't know but they might possibly conclude to bestow their precious selves upon somebody."

On the other side of the house a similar state of feeling existed. Max was a model as well as his wife, and many a girl thought that if Susie Raynor wasn't happy it surely must be her own fault. For Raynor was handsome, and his fine face was always perfectly radiant with happy feeling whenever he appeared at church, or elsewhere, in company with his wife. Then he was so tenderly devoted to her—"quite like a lover or a bridegroom in the honeymoon"—and not at all like most of the husbands in Hillsdale, who, like too many of their class elsewhere, troubled themselves very little about courteous attentions to their wives, and seemed entirely oblivious to any claims those ladies might have upon their politeness.

Hillsdale was a large village, the nucleus of a rich and extensive farming district. There was a good deal of society in Hillsdale, and pretty good society, too, Hillsdale people were wont to say. At any rate, they held up their heads and looked about them, as if questioning the right of any one to "stand in their sunshine."

Many of them had money, or were rich in lands or other productive investments, and these constituted the aristocracy, and sent their sons to college and their daughters to boarding-schools. It followed that these college-bred youths naturally, at least a majority of them, decided to enter some of the learned professions, and found Hillsdale too small an arena for the display of their abilities. They wandered off to wider and more promising fields, in which some of them reaped great harvests of fame, and bound up the golden sheaves of wealth; and in which others, lagging far behind their fellow-toilers, soon found how greatly their powers had been overrated; and yet others, fainting beneath the heat and burden of the day, early laid them down to die.

Meanwhile, as a matter of course, there was a scarcity of beaux and marrying men in Hillsdale, and a great preponderance of the feminine element at all social gatherings, at church, and on the street, at the time of the afternoon promenade. The few girls who were yearly married in Hillsdale, went away immediately, for the most part, and found their new homes in other scenes. But there were a large number of spinsters, whose ages might have been arranged on a sliding scale from twenty-five upwards to the fabulous "certain age" of the cotemporaries of the mammas and grandmammas of Hillsdale. And, strange to say, there were several old bachelors, men who had not married, it was averred, simply because they were too indolent to seek wives elsewhere, and it was not the fashion in Hillsdale to marry among the ladies of their native town. And Fashion, we all know, is omnipotent.

It was a matter of considerable astonishment, then, that Max Raynor should return from college, study law in his father's office, which, on his being admitted to the bar, became his own, and then settle down in Hillsdale. And when he further proceeded to fly in the face of custom and established usage by taking Susie Bray, whom he had known from infancy, who was a genuine "Hillsdale girl," for a wife, the gossips were fully persuaded that "wonders would never cease." Perhaps the opinion strengthened when it was found that the pair lived in such exceeding happiness, and each so exactly, so lovingly, fulfilling the duties of their new estate as to establish the reputation of a model.

This reputation both maintained for several years, when a series of circumstances occurred in which Max lost in a degree the prestige of his modelhood, and would have lost it utterly in a place so full of unoccupied people never at loss for leisure to give due or undue attention to other people's affairs, had it not been for the wisdom and discretion of his wife. Her conduct on this trying occasion made her more than ever a model for all wives, in the estimation of the very few who had any knowledge of it.

Miss Harriet Dean was a very pretty and lively girl. She was a native of Hillsdale, but being early left an orphan, had been adopted by an aunt who resided in New York. In that city she had lived, and had received her education, and had formed her character. When she had reached the age of twenty, her aunt, dying, left her without home or suitable protection; and she returned to Hillsdale to take up her residence with some distant relatives there.

Miss Harriet was voted a great acquisition to Hillsdale society. She was pretty, chatty and musical, understood all kinds of fancy work to a charm, was willing to lend her patterns, and to impart instruction in her valuable handicrafts, to all the ladies, old and young.

Twice a year she went to New York, and when she returned was a great center of attraction by reason of the new bonnets and dresses that she brought with her, and which, with rare good nature, she allowed all her friends to inspect and pattern after. And her popularity was further increased by the fact that she was frequently accompanied home by city gentlemen who were nowise averse to the hospitalities of Hillsdale so eagerly proffered. In truth, to go to Hillsdale with Miss Harriet, formed quite a pleasant episode in the lives of more than one of her city acquaintances. A respite from business, the constant society of a pretty, vivacious young lady, the enjoyment of country luxuries and sports, innumerable invitations to exceedingly comfortable and beautiful New England homes, were things to be by no means despised. So Miss Harriet enjoyed her triumph, and all parties were pleased.

But Miss Harriet found Hillsdale excessively dull. But for these semi-annual visits, she could hardly have endured her residence there; and when they were over, her "beau" departed, her bonnets and dresses no longer subjects of fresh wonder and admiration, she hardly knew what to do with herself, or how to dispose of the time that hung so heavily on her hands. She wandered disconsolately about the village streets, visited her friends until, as she declared, she felt quite ashamed to be seen knocking at any of their doors; and then went home to her monotonous embroidery and crotcheting. Not a very enlivening programme of employments for a young lady; but her mode of life admitted of little variation, as she cared nothing for books, or any intellectual pursuits, and found no motive for practising music that she had no opportunity of showing off.

Max Raynor's house was one of her most frequent visiting places. Susie had known her when a little child, and had afterwards renewed the acquaintance at a boarding-school that both attended. So, when Harriet came to live at Hillsdale, no one welcomed her more warmly than her old friend Susie Bray, already, for some years, for she was older than Harriet, transformed into Mrs. Raynor. Mrs. Raynor pitied the loneliness of her young friend, and made her so welcome at her home, that it was no wonder she often found her way there.

It is true that Susie soon tired a little of Miss Harriet, who, gay and lively, and really pretty as she was, was by no means an interesting companion for an intelligent, thoughtful woman like Mrs. Raynor. But when Mrs. Raynor remembered her orphanhood, how she had lacked the wise restraints of home and a mother's thoughtful, tender care, and had been only the pet of her worldly aunt, who had given few molding touches either to her heart or mind, and had left her character to be formed by the chance influences that surrounded her from time to time, that excellent woman, considering that it would be a work of real benevolence, resolved never to intermit her kindness, but to bear with Harriet's foibles and weaknesses with a sincere desire and endeavor to do her good.

Harriet became very much attached to her kind friends, for Max cordially seconded his wife in her attempts to make her happy. And, in truth, he soon came to like that voluble and vivacious young lady much better than his wife did.

It was very pleasant for him, on returning home from a hard day's work in the court-room, or in his office, to find her pretty face all wreathed with smiles, greeting from the window to watch his approach, to receive her merry greeting, and to indulge in much gay badinage and repartee. Even a little game of romps seemed quite innocent, so long as it was within view and hearing of his wife.

So week after week, month after month, even year after year, did Miss Harriet continue to make herself very much at home with her friends. A coolness, that had never shaped itself into words, had grown up between her and Susie, and neither, perhaps, was quite conscious of the antagonism, or its nature. Susie's confidence in her husband was certainly unbroken, nor had she ever, even in her heart, accused Miss Harriet of levity, nor harbored a suspicion of greater wrong. Nor was she jealous, when she saw Harriet at all times claiming the escort of her husband. She knew how few were the eligible beaux in Hillsdale, and how often this unprotected girl required the attendance of some gentleman, without which, as her relative's family consisted only of elderly people who never went out, she would have been obliged to remain at home.

"Harriet looks upon Max as a brother," this model wife would say, "and it is really pleasant for her to have such a friend, upon whom she feels at liberty to call for such little social attentions as she requires."

And again she would say, when Max had gone with Harriet to some party, not it must be confessed without a little sigh,

"I am glad that Max could go, for he likes society, and it is not necessary that he should remain at home because baby is so cross and ailing that I can't leave her. It would have been too bad, as he said, that he and Hariet should both have been kept at home, because I could not go."

And comforting herself with this thought, Susie would spend her lonely evening as cheerfully as possible, meeting her husband on his return, with a smile and pleasant words of welcome.

We will do Miss Harriet the credit of believing that she had no wrong intentions in indulging in the society and attentions of her friend's husband. She was not wont to analyze her own emotions, or motives. That it was pleasant to visit the Raynors, that she liked to have Max accompany her home from these visits, and come in to listen to her playing, or to join his fine voice with hers in her favorite songs, that it was not only convenient, but food for a little feminine triumph, to have so handsome and agreeable, as well as unexceptionable, an escort ever at her call, she well knew. And, of course, as Susie was usually of the party, whenever they attended any public gathering, no one could find food for scandal, and it was delightful to be the friend of the Raynors, whom everybody liked, and especially to be the chosen female friend of Mr. Raynor, who was a rising man, a favorite with his political party as in society, and rapidly acquiring fame.

Her eyes were not opened until a proposition of marriage first compelled her to think that if she married she should, without doubt, be obliged to yield the society of Max Raynor. We will not assert that this thought decided her refusal, for she had no regard for her suitor, who was almost a stranger to her, and had only ventured upon the proposal at the suggestion of a match-making friend. But it cannot be denied, that it first caused her to be aware that her regard for Max Raynor was far warmer than she could rightfully bestow upon the husband of another.

Unfortunately, no firm and wise principles had laid the foundation of Harriet's education. She had too much pride and self-esteem to be willing to compromise herself, or to create scandal, but not enough principle to deny herself a gratification so

dangerous as that of indulging in the society of a man she loved, without the right of loving him.

She reasoned with herself, that matters could go on as they always had done; no one need know that her regard for Max Raynor was anything more than the friendship which had so long existed. It would make her miserable to go away from Hillsdale, and see him no more, and she was not one to do right at such a sacrifice.

But Harriet was mistaken if she thought herself capable of concealing anything she felt, successfully, from so keen an observer as Max Raynor. No time elapsed, therefore, before some chance word, or look, or gesture of hers, came upon him like a revelation. He was bewildered, and yet thought it impossible he could have mistaken its meaning. And so he resolved to watch for a confirmation of his sudden suspicion.

This was all wrong, of course, but vanity will mislead a man, even when he possesses the safeguard of a strong and true attachment to such a wife as Susie Raynor. Max was far from being perfect, he was not insensible to flattery, and what flattery is sweeter or more subtle than the unguarded attachment of a girl one knows to be pretty, and amiable, and warm-hearted, and believes to be innocent? His wife was still the dearest earthly object—beloved, honored, cherished above all others; but then she had encouraged his attentions, his kind, brotherly attentions to Harriet Dean, and, of course, after all that had passed, she would not be made uncomfortable if he continued the same friendly intercourse. At any rate, he resolved to do so, until he ascertained if his suspicions were correct.

But in seeking to gratify his curiosity, he gradually found his feelings more and more interested. It needed no long time for Harriet fully to betray herself, and Max, still led on by his vanity, and the consciousness of an unsought triumph, had not the courage to depart in silence, and, by his firm and wise reserve, to end at once a connection so dangerous.

He yielded to the temptation, so far as to draw from the now frightened but imprudent girl an acknowledgment of her regard. And when, with her beautiful eyes overflowing with tears, and her whole attitude expressive of the despair she felt, she said that she would leave Hillsdale forever, and bury her unhappiness in some remote solitude, he was unwise enough to oppose so rational a resolution, and to persuade her that, conscious of her own rectitude of intention, there could be no possible wrong in her remaining among the friends who loved her.

He had not rated too highly his influence over her. At these words her good resolutions vanished. It no longer seemed impossible to remain. She promised that she would do so, that in no way would she alter her daily conduct, and the promise was sealed with a kiss, that was yet lingering and burning on Max Raynor's lips when he sought his home.

A few wretched weeks passed. The necessity of secresy weighed heavily on Max Raynor, whose every thought, until then, had been open to his wife. More than once he resolved to release Harriet from her promise, and to advise, and even assist her to remove to another home. But at every sight of her pale face, and the evident struggles through which she was passing, his vanity would be rekindled. Nevertheless he avoided her society as much as was possible without exciting the observation of Susie, and tried to [illegible] with the thought that he was doing all that could possibly be required of him.

The two, meanwhile, partly unconscious of their danger, partly unwilling to acknowledge it, were standing upon the very verge of a precipice—to go forward was ruin, safety could only be found in retreat. Haply for them, Susie made, at this time, the discovery that, of all others, they most dreaded she should make; and Susie, in this, as in all other circumstances of her life, showed herself a wise, strong, and loving woman.

Harriet had been passing the day with her. They had been alone, for Max had been absent since morning, involved in some tedious law-case, and Harriet, too miserable for disguise, had displayed her wretchedness in every word and movement, through the long hours. When Max returned at evening she grew more cheerful, and as Susie departed for her nursery, she laughingly commended her friend to her husband's care, commanding him to prescribe, at once, for a fit of the "sullens."

What passed between the pair during her absence, she was wise enough never to ask; but coming down half an hour later, she saw, through the half open door which led to the next room, Harriet sobbing in her husband's arms, which encircled her as he sat beside her, and caught some murmured words that revealed to her the cause of her tears, and the purport of their conversation.

With wonderful self-possession she glided silently away, stood a moment in the hall, pressing her hand upon her wildly beating heart, and then, making some sound that gave the pair warning of her approach, she opened the door and entered.

Harriet lay upon the sofa, weeping still uncontrolably, but Max, looking perplexed and ashamed, stood leaning upon the mantel, and absently twirled some toy which he held in his hand. An expression of relief came over his features as Susie entered. He held out his hand to her, and when she went to him, put his arm about her as if he found safety in her presence. Susie read him well. She no longer doubted that his love for her was supreme, and, the momentary fear and anguish removed, her course lay plain before her.

She made no remark upon anything she saw. She soothed the weeping Harriet, ascribing her tears to her evident illness; and when she was ready to go home, Mrs. Raynor, on the same pretext, as well as Mr. Raynor, accompanied her. On her return Susie told her husband what she had seen, the simple truth, coupled with no reproaches and no suspicions, and asked him to explain it. He did so, confessing all without reserve, and assuring his wife that not for one moment had his heart wandered from her, even when his vanity led him to triumph in the evident attachment of Harriet. She believed him, because she knew him to be truthful, and had never thought that his love had grown cold. It was with a great pang that she saw him going down, ever so little, from the summit of her truest respect and regard, but she was conscious of human imperfections, and not without self-reproach, as she thought of how she had left him to an insidious temptation.

As a true friend she went also to Harriet. Her advice to leave Hillsdale was heeded, and a friend in the city, just then writing to offer Miss Dean a home in her family for the winter, she gladly accepted the invitation and departed. When she next returned to Hillsdale it was in company with her husband, a man as different from Max Raynor as could well be found; but as is wife h seemed fondly attached to him, it is at least safe and charitable to conclude that she had quite recovered from her former ill-starred and imprudent fancy.

Max Raynor had never held his wife in so high appreciation, never loved her better, or respected her more truly than when, by her wisdom and kindness, he found himself extricated from the dangerous predicament into which his vanity had led him. Every day convinced him that his heart had been untouched by Harriet—that it belonged alone to Susie—and never afterward, though in his future career of fame and honor his society was much sought by the wise and fair, did his affections, or so much as his fancy, wander from her whom he, as well as all who knew her, acknowledged to be a MODEL WIFE.

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

In a little, quiet town, cradled amid the hills, and sung to nightly slumber by the never silent sea, has resided for many, many years, a family by the name of Marlow. When Mr. Marlow brought his young wife and her sisters to live in the two-story house under the hill, life looked pleasant and interesting enough to them all. They felt no sense of weariness, no sinking of heart. Not one foreshadowing of all the discouragements that were before them oppressed their spirits.

They were lively, industrious, hopeful. They owned their house; they had a little store and a fair business; they were starting well in life—what was to hinder them from going prosperously on? But ten years passed, and although the husband, wife and sisters had all been diligent, there was no perceptible increase in their riches, and in the brightness of their prospects. But they were all young yet, and didn't much concern themselves; time enough ahead for getting rich, and for getting married.

The house looked "spick and span"—it was newly painted. Many pretty new articles were added within. The garden was in its glory. Oh! what a place of wonders to the children was the house and the garden of Mr. Marlow. The store, too, was a marvel—everything so orderly and so pretty there—and Miss Margaret, the ruling genius of the place, making sale of her goods by her good-natured manner and pleasant smiles.

But ten other years passed away, and there had yet been no advance, but rather a retrograde movement.

"Why was it so?" the Marlows said, complainingly, when nobody in the world ever worked harder, or managed more prudently than they; and, besides, where there had never been any children to make expense, "what, in the name of sense, was the reason that they never could get a step ahead, more than if they worked in a tread-mill?" Nobody could answer the question.

The Marlows felt perplexed and troubled; but, after all, they were all in good health, they had a great many friends and acquaintances, and middle life had hardly passed yet. Perhaps there was still time enough to grow sufficiently rich to rest during old age. This now was the hight of their ambition. So, gathering up hope and courage, they went cheerfully on again. But ten years more, and then another ten, departed, and the Marlow family were far, far *below* the point at which they had started. They had worked hard all their lives, had managed closely, had denied themselves almost every relaxation, and had cheated themselves of sleep, and almost of needful food, and here they were, like horses who, after spending all their strength to draw up a load of [illegible] from midway on a hill, find themselves at last at the hill's foot.

Their house had grown dark and old-looking; their garden was not what it once had been; their store was eclipsed by many more pretentious ones; their health had followed their youth. Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were greatly changed in looks. He was tormented, and, at times, rendered almost helpless, by rheumatism. She was thin and nervous, besides being most of the time low-spirited. The sisters had not passed untouched of time, though upon *them* he had not laid so heavy a hand. The merry, happy talk of future better times had long ceased to echo in the old house. Everything was neat and comfortable still—it could not have been otherwise under that regime—but all seemed to speak of disappointed hopes and of uncheered decline.

Over their kitchen fire the sisters would hover at night, and talk low, so that Marlow might not hear, and be pained, of all that had been hoped for and worked for, and had never been gained. They talked of the many, many who had started poorer than they, and who had, long years ago, rldden swiftly past them along the highway to fortune. Many they named who once looked up to them, and who then were always glad to visit them, who now dwelt in their elegant carpeted and pictured mansions, and swept in silks along the streets, but never seemed to remember now their ancient familiars. There was bitterness in the hearts, and tears in the eyes of the sisters, as they thus discoursed, for the magic spring of youth was broken in them, and they could see *no bright side* to being poor, forsaken and forgotten, in their advancing age.

"Forgotten!" there is always a bitterness in being forgotten of our kind; and when we feel deserted of those who were our friends, or appeared to be such, and who were loved by us, how intense is that bitterness.

And now, for several years, the family under the hill had been taking heavier and heavier to heart the unwelcome and discouraging thought that no one considered it of any consequence whether *they* were prosperous and happy, or unfortunate and miserable; in short, they felt that they were being forgotten.

But, as said one ever beloved, their heads were "full of what the apostle calls vain imaginations," and while they sat murmuring over the fire, all over the town there were people feeling kindly, and talking kindly of them. More than this, they were planning to give them a happy and *profitable* surprise. "They have done their secular duties as well as the best of us," said the people, "and only because fate was against them, they have not prospered as well as we. It is hard upon them. Let us give them a lift, and prove to them our sympathy in a way that would be agreeable to us had we been unfortunate."

And the thing was settled—there was to be a donation party for the Marlows.

But they must be got away from home upon some pretext; and it was foreseen that *that* would be no easy task, for Mr. M. loved home more than ever any domestic cat did. Not once in years did he make anybody a visit. But visit he must now, let the case be as it would. The good doctor undertook the effort; and by some unknown legerdemain he finally succeeded in getting the whole family over to his house to spend the evening.

Unfortunately for the surprise, Margaret had heardsome hint of what was going on, and she would give herself no rest until she heard the whole plan revealed. She, however, though almost bursting with the gratifying secret, managed to keep it from the knowledge of the other members of her family.

But when, during the evening, word came to the doctor's that he must go immediately to see what ailed a young girl who boarded with Mrs. Marlow, and when her brother and sister jumped up in alarm, and followed as fast as they could in the footsteps of the doctor, *she* guessed what the call meant, and that there was no reason for alarm in the case.

Meanwhile how busy hands, and feet, and tongues had been in the home of the Marlows. Men and women, youths and maidens, all came laden, and in high glee, to deposit their gifts. Wagons drove up, and barrels full of flour or meat were carried in. Wheelbarrows cast their loads into the yard, or the house—fires were set agoing, lamps and candles lighted, and tables spread. Poor old house! it thought it was surely bewitched, and that fairy times had returned upon the earth. When all had been brought, and while mirth was at its hight, the doctor and his guests arrived.

"What does this all mean?" asked Mr. Marlow, completely bewildered. Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he walked about, speaking, with trembling voice, his thanks to his friends, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart swelled with such sensations as it had never thought to know again.

Mrs. M. and Margaret flew hither and thither like girls of sixteen. They clapped their hands, they laughed, and they cried; and their joy and satisfaction delighted everybody who was in the house. It was a draw game—no one could tell, in that case, which had been most blessed, the giving or the receiving. It was a happy time for all, and the warmth and cheer of that evening will shine all the way to the end of the Marlow's journey.

Their bodies were benefitted by the gifts that were provided, but not half so much good was done them as their whilom downcast and lonesome hearts had received. It was as though there had been a resurrection, as indeed there had, of confidence, courage, and happiness.

But the evening waned, and the neighbors said good-night, and parted; leaving the Marlows to shut up house, and gather once more about the fire and talk—of *what*, think ye? Of how they were deserted and forgotten? Far other material for converse had they now; and they were no longer careful to speak low, "lest Marlow should hear and be pained."

God, the compassionate Father and Saviour of all, had been showing them, through this manifestation of neighborly kindness, how tenderly He remembered and cared for them—how He had seen and pitied the sadness and discouragement of their hearts, and how He could send comfort and help when it was least expected. He had spoken to their hearts in loving kindness; and now it rested with themselves to decide whether they would return that love, and for the future trust in Him.

BEATRICE GUIDING DANTE.

A Picture.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And thou art come again in angel-guise
To him who lost thy worshiped loveliness?
In the wild, splendid darkness of his eyes,
Softening the shadows of their mournfulness,
There is a love and adoration blent,
Love for the earth's young beauty thou'st retained
And adoration for the glory sent,
With heaven's bewildering brightness all unstained
Around thee. Oh, how much undying grace
Is in thy light-robed form and sweet, *serene*, bright face.

Guide on—*he's worthy!* Lift the cloudy vails
That hide each empire in Eternity;
And [illegible]
He will forget his wrongs and woos with *thee*.
Guide on—beguile from memory's cruel might
The impassioned softness of the Italian breast—
Kiss each slim shadow from his pale brow's light—
And—tell A MORTAL which one is most blest,
Sweet thing of love, the angel that thou art,
Or—*wert*—while shrined within the heaven of his high heart!

"BORN TO GOOD LUCK."

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

Harry Clare was a good-natured, generous, kindly-disposed fellow, who loved good cheer and easy life, and whose faults were of that open-hearted character which seldom meet with severe censure. When Harry was not Harry—that is, before his parents had given him a name—an old woman who claimed to be his god-mother, pronounced these mystic words over the future Harry: "THE CHILD IS BORN TO GOOD LUCK!" So deep an influence did this fair sooth have upon the minds of the simple parents, that they were led to regard Master Harry—when they had thus named him—as a wonder. A thousand little things occurred during his boyhood to confirm them in their conviction. He got wet, but didn't get cold. He fell from trees and high beams, and didn't get hurt. And at school he accomplished marvels.

The result of all this was, that Harry grew up with the same faith. He believed most firmly that he was born under the benign influence of a lucky planet, and that the world could not but go well with him. When he had done going to school, he learned the blacksmith's trade; and when he was able to work for himself he took a wife—took Susan Martin—gentle, pretty, loving, faithful Susan. Her parents objected to the match, because, they said, Harry had not energy enough to carry him through the world, with the care of a family upon his shoulders. But Susan loved him, and she became his wife.

"Didn't I know that I was born to good luck!" cried the happy Harry, a few days after he was married. "Haven't I got the best wife in town?"

"There isn't a better one in the country," replied the young man to whom he had spoken. "And I hope you'll appreciate her. Susan Martin might have had her pick from a dozen of the best youths of the village, and there's not one of them but that would have made her a good husband. See to it, Harry, that she never has occasion to regret the step she has taken."

"Of course she never can regret it," said the exultant husband. "We'll sail along with fair breezes all the time. I tell you I was born to good luck, and my fortunate star can't fail me."

His friend shook his head and walked away, and Harry went to his shop, where he found half-a-dozen customers waiting for him, and some of them growling because he had not been there before.

Five years passed away, and Harry had three children. One evening he entered his house, and found Susan with a cloud upon her brow. He asked her what was the matter.

"Shall I tell you the truth, Harry?" she said, trying to smile.

"Of course you must. So out with it."

"Then it is simply this: We are going behindhand."

"Behindhand?" repeated the husband. "What d'ye mean?"

"Why—your business is not attended to as it should be. You are forgetting your own interests."

"Pshaw! Don't you worry, Susan. Just wait until you see me make a haul. I made twenty dollars this very day on a horse trade."

"And how much did you make by your trade yesterday?"

"Why," returned Harry, hanging his head, "I lost something there. But I'll make it up. I was born to good luck, and I know that fortune can't desert me. Don't worry, Susan."

"But, Harry," said the wife, in a mild, persuasive tone, "you don't realize how much you are losing. If you would trust more to your own wit and judgment, instead of to your *luck*, as you call it, you might do better, even at trading in horses, and such stuff; but, believe me, you would do far better to stick to your shop, and do the work you would be sure to have there. Only see how much work now goes out of town, because you are not to be found at your forge when wanted."

"Let 'em carry their work out of town, if they want to," said Harry, rather petulantly. "I sha'n't worry. Just you wait until I strike a streak of luck."

"Believe me, Harry," the wife said, as she arose from her chair with her babe in her arms, "if ever you strike that '*streak of luck*,' as you are so often pleased to call it, you will strike it upon your anvil."

Susan went to put her child into its little bed, and Harry said, "Pooh!" and then took up a paper and began to read.

Harry knew that he was neglecting his regular business, but then he hoped for something better. So firmly had the old faith in good luck become seated in his mind, that it had grown to be a part of his very existence. He felt sure that he should some day make a fortune, when people least expected it. He had heard of vast fortunes being made by mere strokes of luck, and why should not he, who was *born* to that end, fare as well? The result was, that his mind became distracted from his shop, and his customers were often forced to find another smith to do their work.

Harry traded watches, traded horses, dipped into petty speculations, and, in short, seized upon everything which presented itself, with a lucky side to it. At length a "streak" came. He drew a hundred dollars in a lottery. He went home with exultation in his countenance.

"It's commenced," he cried, as he chinked the gold before his wife.

"And you've drawn that in the lottery?" returned Susan, with a dubious look.

"Yes—a cool hundred."

"Will it pay your debts, Harry?"

"Eh? Debts?"

"Will it make up for the time you have lost?"

"But this is only the commencement, Susan. I've only just struck the streak. Wait awhile. My luck is coming. I tell you I was born to it, and it can't fail me."

"Ah, Harry," said the wife, with a sad shake of the head, "I fear this will prove the worst luck you have had yet. It is only an ignis fatuus that will lead you deeper into the mire than you have yet gone. Why not drop all such schemes at once, and go into your shop and stick to your business. It would be better for you in the end—it would be better for you now."

"What—leave my fortune just as I have found it?" exclaimed Harry, vehemently. "No, no. I had a dream—twice repeated—and that makes three times, you know—that I should have good luck in these kind of ventures; and I'm going to follow 'em up. Just you wait, my dear."

And Susan did wait. She waited until she suffered more than she would tell. She waited until the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye. From morn till night she plied her needle without ceasing. Her children must have food and raiment, and she must furnish them. She plead with her husband, but he would not see. She pointed out to him how he was losing both business and friends, but he would only look to the future, whence his good luck was sure to come. So Susan was forced to look to the future also, and she prayed that it might bring relief.

For a whole year Harry Clare dabbled in lottery tickets, and at the end of that time he had lost nearly every penny he had been able to raise. He grew desperate, and resolved that he would make a heavy strike somewhere. "*Strike upon your anvil*," whispered a voice; but he would not listen to it. "I was born to good luck, and it must come, sooner or later," he said to himself; and then he tried to study up some new speculation. He was sitting all alone in his little office—a pen-like apartment in the back of his forge, where he kept his books—when two men entered the shop.

"This is too bad!" said one of them, whose name was Atherton, an extensive builder, as he saw that there was no fire upon the forge, and no workman in the shop. "We must have a new smith in the place. Here have I over five hundred dollars' worth of work that must be done the present season. There's all the forging for Grant's new mill, and the iron work for the upper bridge."

"There's one thing certain," replied the other, who was a contractor, and had some interest in the builder's work, "we shan't get anything done here."

"That's so," added Atherton. And with this the two men left the shop.

When Harry went home to supper he found his wife quite sick. She was pale and weak, and her head ached. In the evening he went out for the doctor, and when the man of medicine came he said that Susan was down with a severe fever.

"She must have got cold," suggested Harry.

"No. She must have overtasked herself," returned the doctor, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Both mind and body seem to have been worked too much."

For the first time Harry Clare felt a real, operative pang at his heart. He knew why Susan must have worked so hard, though he had not thought of it with any seriousness before.

But Harry's thoughts were not allowed to rest idle for the want of pricking. One evening, as he was wending his way homeward from the doctor's, where he had been to get some medicine, he noticed that a party of young men were walking in advance of him. He knew, by the sound of their voices, that they were friends of his, and he would have advanced and joined them had he not chanced to hear his own name pronounced. Curiosity to know what they had to say of him led him to approach them without being observed, and he heard their conversation distinctly.

"It's too bad," said one, in a feeling tone. "Harry Clare might do well if he would. Only look at that wife of his! This town never afforded a better one. See how the poor thing has scrubbed and slaved to support herself and family, while Harry has been waiting for that *luck* of his."

"That's so," rejoined another, who was the tailor in the village. "She has done more work for me within two years past than any other two women in the place; and within the past six months she has worked beyond all account. About all that she and her children have had for food and clothing must have been earned by her needle."

"It's a shame," resumed the first speaker. "Only a day or two after Harry was married I told him he had got as good a wife as there was in the country, and I hoped he'd appreciate her. He said, of course he should. But just see how it's come out. I got married about the same time, and went into business when he did,—and my trade isn't anywhere near so good as his,—yet I have bought a house and paid for it, and have something laid up beside. Why—if he'd only stuck to his business he might have been one of the most prosperous men in the town. But he thinks he was born to some good luck that'll come to him, one of these days, like a fairy's gift."

"Well," remarked a third person of the party, "he did have a stroke of good luck when he got Susan Martin for a wife; but he's never had one since."

"Unless," added the previous speaker, "we call the possession of that wife a *continuous* stroke of luck! But I'm afraid he won't keep her long. Alas, for poor Susan! Harry don't know what a jewel he is wearing away. He don't realize that when he got her for a wife he got a piece of good fortune that might have lasted during the longest lifetime, if he would only have taken his share of the trust and responsibility."

At this point Harry had to turn off from the main street, and in a few moments he was left to his own reflections. As soon as he was alone he stopped and gazed down upon the ground; and thus he stood for some minutes.

"I think I'm waking up!" he finally said. And then he walked quickly towards his house.

He found Susan much better, and the medicine which he had brought helped speedily to revive her. On the following day Harry went to see Mr. Atherton. He found that gentleman just entering his chaise to ride away.

"I understand that you have some work, in my line, which you want done," said Harry.

"Well—what of it?" returned the builder.

"I should like to do it for you, sir."

"You, Mr. Clare?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I must have it done in time."

"If I take the job, sir, I'll do it as I promise," said Harry, promptly.

"But this is something new," replied Atherton, with surprise. "I thought you were born to some other kind of luck."

"Perhaps I was," answered Harry, readily; "but of that kind of luck I've had enough; and now I'm going to hammer out a luck for myself. Will you let me commence upon your work?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the builder, leaping from his chaise. "Here, John," he added, turning to his hired man, "you may put the horse up. I sha'n't want him. And now," he resumed, to Harry, "just come into the house, and w'll talk the matter over. I was all ready to start for Marlowe to get my work done there; so, you see, you didn't come a minute too soon."

The result of the conference was, that Harry was to do all the iron work Atherton might want, and he was assured that there would be eight hundred dollars' worth of it before the year was out.

One morning the people who lived near the blacksmith's shop were startled by the clang of the heavy hammer. It was but little past sunrise, and yet the blows upon the old anvil rang out clear and loud, and they saw black smoke rolling up from two of the chimneys. They went and peeped in at the door, and there they saw Harry Clare, with his stout arm bared to the shoulder, wielding his hammer with strange energy. A new man was at work at the second forge, and his two apprentices had something else to do than lounge about and cobble old horse-shoes.

Susan Clare sat in the great rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, for her old mother who had come to nurse her, said she was well enough for that. She gazed up at the clock, and wondered where her husband was. It was past seven, and supper had been ready some time. At length he came; but how differently he looked from what had been his wont some years past. His face was flushed; his eye was bright; his bosom swelled out with a hearty breath; and is step was heavy and emphatic, just as though it had a purpose. And then upon his shirt there was a grimy dirt, such as used to be there years agone; and when his gaze rested upon the table his countenance glowed as though he had a grateful appetite.

"What, Susan," he cried, as he saw his wife sitting there, "are you well enough for this?" And as he spoke he moved to her side and kissed her.

"I am getting better very fast," she replied.

"And you must get well as soon as you can, Susie; for I can't have you sick any more."

"She must get well so as to finish up those vests for the tailor," interrupted the old lady, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. Susan cast a reproachful, beseeching glance upon her mother, but the words had been spoken.

"No, no," said Harry, with a smile, "we'll have no more of that. I took those vests last evening and carried them all back to the tailor, and told him that my wife could work for him no more."

"But—Harry——"

"Stop," interrupted Harry, as his wife commenced to speak. "There's no more need of it, for I've struck my streak of luck at last. I knew I was born to good luck, and that I should find it sooner or later. I've found it?"

"Found it?" repeated Susan, trembling with hope and apprehension both.

"Yes—I've found it in my wife, and in my shop. I've been hammering it out all day. People have been staring with wonder to see Harry Clare ringing away upon his anvil at such a rate, and they may stare as much as they please. At all events, I can give them this assurance: If the sight is worth seeing, they shall see it, henceforth, at any time, while Harry has his health, and the sun's up! And now I am hungry, Susie. I'll eat supper, and then I'll tell you all about it."

And after supper was over, Harry sat down, and wound one arm about his wife's neck, and then told her all he had to tell; and when he had done this he asked her if she could forgive him for the past. She rested her head upon his bosom, and wept, and forgave, and blessed him.

And, day after day, the old clang sounded forth from the smith's shop. Great pieces of iron assumed strange forms beneath the persistent strokes of Harry's hammer, and, as he cast them, one after another, upon the rough floor, he muttered to himself—"There's another piece of good luck! I'll forge me out a fortune yet."

Susan was not long in getting well after her husband had made her so happy; and when she was plump and rosy once more, and the children could romp about the house without fear of tumbling up the carefully arranged packages that used to come from the tailor's, Harry took her upon his knee and kissed her, and wound his arms about her.

"Susie," he said, with fond enthusiasm, "didn't I always tell you that I was born to good luck? Only, ye see, I missed it for a while."

"But you've found it now," whispered Susan.

"Yes," cried Harry, "I've found it in a noble, loving wife, and in the firm, fixed purpose to walk right on in the path of duty. The crown of good luck is upon my brow, and, next to yourself, my beloved, its two brightest jewels—the two jewels without which the crown becomes but a mere load of dross—are, INDUSTRY and PERSEVERANCE!"

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LET US ALONE.

This is all we ask of the nations of the Old World. Kingdoms and Republics cannot be assimilated—the only bond between freemen and crown vassals, is their common aspiration for liberty. The Atlantic not only separates continents, but also draws a line between races, impelled and guided by opposite and conflicting principles. On the one side, is man confounded with the nation; on the other, the nation aggregates the man. Monarchy protects individuals, because they support monarchy—though the walls which millions upheave may serve to oppress, imprison, and crush them. Republicanism makes every man a wall to protect himself, and by making each man equal to any, bonds its masses in one grand barrier, where each, feeling himself a portion of the nation, battles for its rights and honors in defending his own.

On our side of the line, the man is everything; the state, the revenue, war, peace, and progress consult him, and the poorest peasant is exalted to more than kingly dignity in the exercise of a free power, by his natural right, when he utters his share of the national voice. A nation formed on such a basis can never coalesce with the extreme selfishness, tyranny, and debasement of the monarchy with its one human head. The Republic puts each of its many millions against the highest of sovereignties, because each is empowered to help make or unmake what represents more than a "royal majesty." The Republic consults man in everything, for man makes the Republic—it is the reflex of his wish and will, and its growth and action are but the growth and action of man, clothed with absolute rule, evolving his own life.

The Old World creeds and castes as yet acknowledge little or no such power in man. They hold the individual weak and irresponsible, compared with the nation and its constituted head; and however much the crown vassal may feel of self-right and self-sovereignty, he can find no space for the exercise of his feeling or the utterance of his thought. Thus lassitude broods over his life. He has no proud, lofty spring of action, like the sovreign man. He sees not his own glory, interests, and rights, illustrated in the triumphs of the nation. That all-powerful incentive, the cognizance of self, enters not into his voice in the council, nor fires his pulses in the field. The Republic is man's millennial state, where individual liberty and equality, once recognized, must terminate in the acquirement of every other blessing. It is upon this principle that the Republic is to expand, and absorb all nations and peoples—and the only favor we ask of monarchies and empires, is to "let us alone."

HANDS AND HEARTS.

Many are the meanings which are put upon hands and hearts, and however mysterious they seem to be, there is nothing so intelligible as the uses to which these words are applied. We say of one man that he has a heart, and of another that he has none. We say that this man is a bad hand at his trade, and another is a good hand. Sometimes we see a bill in a shop-window which says, "Hands wanted," or, "A few hands wanted." Sometimes we are invited to take a *hand* at cards, and sometimes we say we have no *heart* to go about a disagreeable business. Hearts are never advertised for in the shop-windows. We never see bills printed with "Hearts wanted." There is something more mysterious about a *heart* than a *hand*; but yet even the most stupid amongst us can perceive that hearts are in demand, and more frequently and earnestly sought for, and more difficult to find, than even the hands.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

A distinguished Frenchman once said, "Everything happens in Paris."

This city is fast becoming Parisian in this respect. Not satisfied with our own independent variety of habits, customs, scenes, incidents, we even borrow *materiel* from Paris. We allude not, now, to the fashions. We take French ideas of society and government—socialistic doctrines of the most disorganizing tendency—revolutionary notions of the wildest and bloodiest tone and tinge! There is nothing, which occurs there, so bloodthirsty as to fail to find admirers here—nothing so dastardly that it can not be sure of plaudits, more or less numerous and hearty! What are we coming to?

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

We have lately noticed in the daily papers various appeals to the public sympathy with this caption, which will be recognized as from the familiar lines of a distinguished poet—

> Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, &c.

These appeals have been made by an association assuming to itself the work of reforming the relation of the General Government to this luckless people. What progress it has made we are unable to say. Nor are we informed as to the efficiency of the agencies proposed for the consummation which is sought. But we confess that we are less hopeful than we once were as to the practicability of the idea with which all the movements in this direction naturally set out—that of protecting the lives and rights of the red men, while improving their physical as well as their intellectual and moral condition, and keeping them subdued with peaceful appliances alone. What boots it, so far as the ultimate result to *them* is concerned, whether they are exterminated with rifle balls and bayonets, or with rum and the ravages of civilization's peculiar diseases? The end would be the same, however we may try to persuade ourselves the latter process is the more humane of the two.

The fact is, deprecate it as we may, the Indians are a doomed race! They were such in the prophetic eye of Manifest Destiny, from the moment the Anglo-Saxon race took possession of a portion of their "boundless continent." We do not defend this tendency. On the principle of "equal and exact justice to all men," which should guide all peoples, it cannot be defended. But we are dealing with historical facts and actual tendencies.

In this view, it is evident to us, as we think it must be to all carefully observant and well-informed readers, that the extinction of the Indians is only a question of time. The vices of the white man, which they rapidly adopt while they are very slow in adopting his virtues, will gradually blot them from existence, if they remain anywhere on this continent, over which the tide of white emigration is so irresistibly sweeping. Against the surging forces of the stream of its activities no indolent race can hold out forever.

THIN-SKINNED PEOPLE.

In our young days, we understood everything literally—poetry, mystery, fable and allegory; and when we first read or heard of thin-skinned folks, we gave our own skin a most acute and searching examination, to discover in which of the two classes—thick or thin—we were to be ranked. We also passed in review the skins of all our friends and acquaintances, and endeavored to ascertain whether it were really true that the thin-skinned people were the most sensitive, fretful, and suspicious, as vulgarly reported to be. But we were sadly puzzled, and still are; for we have found, in our peregrinations through life, many bull-hided men, with skins almost as thick as shoe-leather, who are so unfortunately sensitive and "touchy," that they are for ever quarreling with their friends for this, that, and t'other fancied affront, which had no other existence than their own suspicions, and discontented minds. Notwithstanding all this, we never could literally falsify the proverb respecting the sensitiveness of thin-skinned people; for we believe in a sensitiveness which is so transcendently delicate, that it eats away inwardly its own peace, lives on its own life's blood in secresy and silence, and sedulously conceals every symptom of its own being and its own misery from the sight of the eye or the hearing of the ear. Quarrelsome people are not the most sensitive, because they are not the most delicate. They are rude and overbearing; and, from pure want of refined feeling, they give outward expression to any ungenerous suspicion which they entertain; and resent at once, before proof or conviction, any fancied insult or affront they may receive. These are the people that are called thin-skinned by the proverbial wisdom of the public; but they are as often literally thick-skinned as thin, to our certain knowledge. They do not deserve the name, it is too good for them. Call a rhinoceros or a bear thin-skinned! Call a man of honor thin-skinned, who avenges a hasty expression, in a moment of excitement, with a leaden bullet in the heart of the incautious utterer; and who, perhaps, when himself excited, will use much more opprobrious language to his own domestics, who dare not retaliate!

AGRICULTURE IN SCHOOLS.

Among the announcements, not long since made, of subjects for discussion before the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, we noticed that of "Agriculture as a branch of popular education."

We were very favorably impressed by this. It looked hopeful, as showing a disposition towards practicality in education. Too much of what children learn, in the public as well as the private schools of this country, has little or no reference to the actualities and wants of the future men and women. In the rural districts, thousands of children go to school with the almost certain prospect of adopting the peaceful and useful occupation of the farmer, who are scarcely taught a fact bearing upon their destined career. If, perchance, they get a little smattering of chemistry, there is no effort, whatever, made by the teacher, to show them the relations of the commonest alkalies or acids to the products of the farm. They leave school without looking, it may be, into any book teaching agricultural chemistry. And so, when they come to take their places, they are no better prepared, by what are regarded the best of schools, for their life-long avocation, than their great-grandfathers amid all the traditionary privations of their pioneer life!

This ought not to be so! What the age needs most, as we have urged again and again, is not mere theoretical knowledge. It wants that sort of knowledge which is readily appropriated to the needs of every-day life—knowledge capable of being applied to the garden, the field, the forest, the meadow, everywhere, to the making of everything better, and every person happier as well as wiser!

SMALL TROUBLES.

Small troubles are always more difficult to encounter and bear than great ones. No person who has lived long in this world of troubles, has failed to detect this in his own experience.

Men will bear troubles of the heaviest nature patiently one day, and sink down in despair, the very next, under the most frivolous occurrences imaginable. Especially is this likely to be the case when troubles come together, and the saying is that they never come singly. It is then that they destroy the patience, and with it the indispensable virtue of self-control in the sufferer.

It is because patience under small troubles *is* so rare, that its exercise denotes a great spirit. Such was that of Job when covered with boils, and tempted to "curse God, and die!"

The young cannot be too frequently or emphatically warned against succumbing to small troubles. They should be taught to bear up against them, and study that patience which has been characterized as a great virtue.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WHY I LIKE NEW YORK.

New York, with all thy faults, I love thee still; and yet thy long-suffering pavements know thou never art still! Yes, I love thy rush, and hurry, and clatter, and din; it sounds as if the world was really "going round," as the geographers tell us, which a sojourn in Boston might tempt one to doubt. It suits my restless moods, though I must say I prefer my bed to be located in Brooklyn. I don't always find myself frowning when the impudent omnibusses coolly take off the hind wheel from the smaller fry, never turning a head to hear the ripping anathemas launched after them. I like the distant whiz of the breathless cars. I like the booming of cannon, announcing a steamer's arrival, which comes to us on every breeze. I like the slap-dash, pell-mell rush of the fire-engines, round corners, and through thoroughfares, regardless of every description of puppy and nondescript young kittens. The impudent persistence of thy beggars amuseth me, with their stock of blessings and curses ready to order, according to the generosity, penuriousness, or indifference of the listener; also the horse-leech cry of the venders of small wares; also the street "ballads," festooning park gates and railings, or held down by stones to counteract their exceeding *lightness*. Thy sprinkling of priests and dandies is funny. Thy Babylonish women also, bloated with high living, nothing to do, and no place to do it in. Thy vivacious little school-girls—the nature, not yet "moral science"-d out of all of them—more bewitching with their shining hair, plain collars, and satchels, than all the after-trickeries of fashion can make them. Thy jaded editors and merchants, to whom one must give a wide berth as they pass home up-town to dinner—the very incarnation of jack-knives, east-wind, and vinegar; but how radiant in the evening at opera or concert, like all their sex after that male quietus—a good feed! (N. B.)—No wife, who knows anything, will ask a favor of her husband at any less auspicious moment.—Thy stylish equipages, with their liveried coachmen, and anything but patrician-looking occupants. Thy opera's, and theater's, and minstrel's, and mammoth women—the latter shown at twenty-five cents a head; like wise skeleton men; likewise learned pigs. Thy long-tailed, humbugging Chinamen, bent double on the sidewalk, with intense scrutiny of their toes, meantime drawing sympathy and coppers from unsophisticated "green-horns." Thy bewitching shop-windows, which wise husbands never pass in company with their wives. Thy surfeit of church-steeples and dentists. (N. B.)—How is it that dentists are generally handsome?—Thy heterogeneous, panoramic mixing-up of races and costumes. Thy better than Babel-confusion of tongues. Good gracious! how refreshing to rush plump into the maelstrom, and sink one's self; to shut one's mental eyes, and be borne carelessly off on the current of the hour, ignoring the musquito-stinging cares, annoyances, disgusts, perplexities, aye, even responsibilities, from which our overcharged hearts need an escape valve.

Heaven help the excitable wretch, doomed to vegetate like a turnip in the sleepy hum-drumness of a country village, with its one town-pump, its one blacksmith's shop, its one fire-engine, and its one desolate "meeting-house"—and that always perched on an arid sand-bank, forty miles at least from any green thing, save the sexton.

FANNY FERN.

THE DO-NOTHINGS.

The world of mankind might be quite truthfully divided into three general classes, with reference to the great law of labor—the Doers, the Undoers, and the Do-nothings.

Unless the complaints which we hear on all sides be unjust, the last named class must far exceed the first in numbers, though the second named is not far behind it. Among the Undoers, our classification would not only include the destructives who dare to undo what God himself has executed, by cutting the throats of His creatures and their brothers, and turning the Paradises of earth into Pandemoniums, but the destructives in government also—those political adventurers and schemers who are only satisfied with a revolution, or a change of measures or rulers, and with whom "plot" and "counterplot" would seem to convey charmed ideas! *They* are ever ready to tear down the existing order of things. And, when they have accomplished their reckless purpose, they know about as much of the principles of reconstruction, in either society or government, as the laborers the builder hires to pull down some old fabric, know about the erection of the improved dwelling or warehouse which is to occupy its site! Indeed, they know far less. And it is but just to say that the Undoers, here named in comparison, are the only ones that are to be tolerated at all, and they become exceptional because they act under the direction of a most useful class of Doers.

But what shall we say of the Do-nothings? What *can* we say of them patiently? Nothing. The very thought of this loaferish tribe of impostors on the noble Doers, upon whose sweat they feed, is enough to make an honest man's blood boil in his very arteries and veins! They deserve nothing short of the fate of their degenerate predecessor of old, Ocnus, whose spirit, after his death, according to the accounts we have of him, was painted twisting ropes, while a jackass, which he was too lazy to drive away, stood beside him, and bit them to pieces as fast as he finished them! And yet he did *attempt* something, while the Do-nothings are too mean-spirited even for that.

DUELING.

There have always been, even from the most remote period history takes cognizance of, advocates for that grand social scheme which comprehends trial by battle. Some have chosen clubs for these trials, some axes, some daggers, some spears, while others have preferred rifles, pistols, and swords; but a far more civilized mode of deciding thus the merits of a case in dispute is, unquestionably, that which was in a particular instance adopted by the first pugilist. Certainly, the practice of doing battle with the fists was the first step to civilization. When men began to substitute the weapons with which nature had provided them for battle-axes, tomahawks, and knives, society made a most important stride towards perfection. As civilization progresses, men will substitute the use of the tongue for that of the fist. When that has been sufficiently practised, the use of the brow will supersede that of the tongue; and when we shall have reached the perfection of civilization, men will merely treat with contempt those whom they know to be unworthy of respect.

REMEMBER THIS.—No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

The following beautiful and touching article, by Fanny Fern, on the death of her brother Richard's wife, Mrs. Jessie Willis, was elicited by the affecting incidents witnessed at the funeral, which was largely attended, not only by the friends and relatives of the deceased and her husband, but by members of the literary and fashionable circles of society generally; and it is worthy of especial remark, that on that occasion Fanny Fern and her brother, Mr. N. P. Willis, met and recognized each other for the first time in seven years. Death is a great humanizer of the affections. The article, which is subjoined, was written for the "Musical World," the well-known art journal edited by Mr. R. S. Willis, and we copy it from that paper. It is, perhaps, proper that we should add, in this connection, that Fanny Fern writes exclusively for the LEDGER; the publication of this article originally in her brother's paper being, under the circumstances, only a natural and proper exception.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JESSIE WILLIS.

I have been to a funeral to-day. It was in a Church;—I had to pass through a garden to reach it;—the warm rain was dropping gently on the shrubs and early flowers, and inside warm tears were falling; for before the chancel lay a coffin, and in it was a fair young wife and mother, pale and sweet as the white flowers that lay upon the coffin-lid. Near it was her husband, and beside him were her aged parents, bowed down with grief that she who they thought would close their fading eyes, should fade first. In a house opposite the Church, were the dead mother's babe, only a few days old, and two other little ones, just old enough to prattle unconsciously as they went from room to room, "Mamma has gone away." I knew, though they did not, how day after day would pass, and these little girls, who had always seen mamma *come back again*, after she had "gone away," would stand at the window, looking this way and that, with their little bright faces, and listening for her light footstep; and my heart ached and my eyes filled as I thought how every day, as they grew older, they would need her care, and feel her loss the more; for it is only in part that a father, even the kindest, can fill a watchful mother's place;—he, whose business must be out of doors and away; how can he know how weary the little feet get wandering up and down, with no mamma's lap to climb upon; how weary the little hands,—putting down one thing, and taking up another, with no mamma to nod smilingly and say, "I see"—or "it is very pretty, dear;" how homesick the little rifled heart feels, though it scarce knows why; how tasteless the pretty cup of milk mamma used to hold to the rosy lips; how empty parlor and nursery, chamber and hall. How much less gentle is nurse's touch than hers; how much sooner she wearies of answering little curious questions, and getting bits of string and toys for restless fingers to play with; how much longer seems the time now, before papa comes home to dinner and tea,—poor papa—who, with an iron hand, crushes down his own great sorrow, and tries and fails to speak to them in *her* soft, sweet, winning way; and tries and fails to soothe their little insect griefs, though he would die to save them a heart-pang.

All this I thought of as I looked at these two little curly-headed girls and their baby sister; and I said to myself, I do not know why God took away their young mother, whose work just seemed begun, and left the aged grand-parents who were waiting to go. Why he made that house desolate and silent, once so musical. Why he turned those tender lambs out from that soft, warm fold. With all my thinking I could not find that out; but I am just as sure, as if I could, that He did it in love, not in anger; I am just as sure as if I were in Heaven this minute, that it was best and right; though they, and you, and I, must wait till we get there to know the how and why.

FANNY FERN.

A NEFARIOUS SCOUNDREL.

A miscreant has been recently detected in this city, in a most nefarious game for entrapping unsuspecting young ladies into his power. He puts an advertisement in some paper to the effect that "the principal of a flourishing seminary for young ladies, situated in a retired and salubrious locality, wants a teacher in the female department of the institution to whom a liberal salary will be paid. A young lady under the age of twenty-five would be preferred," &c., &c. Applicants are then invited to address "Principal," or some other fictitious signature, at the New York Post-Office. What the result of correspondence with this advertiser may have been in other cases, we know not, but in *one* case, a most excellent and lovely young lady applied for the situation, and in answer received a note appointing an interview with "Principal." She kept the appointment, and found awaiting her arrival a richly-dressed young man, of a dissipated appearance, whose conduct, it is enough to say, occasioned her to regret having been entrapped into the interview. The unprincipled scoundrel offered her a large sum of money and presents of costly jewelry, which he threw into her lap, if, as he expressed it, she would "rise above the foolish prejudices of the world, and accompany him on a tour through the South-west." His money, his jewelry, and all his promises were of course rejected with scorn; but he coolly said, as he bowed the indignant young lady out with the self-possession of a Chesterfield, "You are a very bigoted young creature, 'pon my word. Your beauty is quite thrown away. If all your sex were like you, I shouldn't make my expenses, and would quit business. Good day, my dear!" But the next day, when the young lady pointed the villain out to her brother, as they were walking along the Fifth Avenue, and the latter, hastening after the scoundrel, overtook and commenced caning him, he did not take the thing so coolly, but inglorious ly fled.

This matter having come to our knowledge, we publish it, that young ladies may be put upon their guard. No girl should ever meet a total stranger by appointment, without taking some friend with her.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S WORKS.

We have received from Mr. T. B. Peterson, of Philadelphia, a set of Mrs. Southworth's works, including the "Lost Heiress," the "Missing Bride," the "Deserted Wife," "India; or, The Pearl of Pearl River," the "Discarded Daughter," "Retribution," and several others; all of which were published prior to Mrs. S.'s engagement to write exclusively for the LEDGER. Mr. Peterson has brought out these works in a superb style, in morocco and gilt, and with all the beautiful ornamentation of the binder's art. Upon the character of the books themselves, it is, of course, unnecessary to enlarge, as Mrs. Southworth is widely known as one of the very first female writers of the age, and as one who never fails to produce a work of absorbing interest. Her dramatic fire, intense vitality, play of imagination, felicity of expression, and keen insight into the workings of the human heart, enable her to impart a vividness and a *sense of reality* to her writings which, captivate the reader's fancy and enchain his attention from first to last. In this connection we will remark that Mrs. Southworth will continue to write exclusively for the LEDGER, as she has done since her engagement with us, and that all her *new* stories will be published in our columns. Mr. Peterson will forward any one of the above-mentioned works to any of Mrs. Southworth's admirers, on the receipt of one dollar.

RIDICULOUS.

The principal of a female seminary, in the vicinity of New York, advertises that "*young ladies under twelve*" will be boarded, &c., &c. If pupils *under twelve* are "young *ladies*," we should like to know where the *girls* and *children* are to come from. Such "flunkeyism" as this, is proof that the man who exhibits it is unfit to take charge of the development and culture of the tender minds of children.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

WRITERS who fail to hit the present taste are apt to appeal to posterity. But even if posterity ratify their fond anticipations, they will still have failed, for they will have gained an object which they did not seek and missed that which they sought. Every writer, let him profess what he will, writes to be read by his contemporaries; else why does he publish? It would be a poor compliment to a sportsman to say, you have missed all the birds you took aim it, but you fire so well that your shot will be sure to hit something before they fall to the ground.

WHAT is called courage is oftentimes nothing more than the fear of being thought a coward. The reverence that restrains us from violating the laws of God or man is not unfrequently branded with the name of cowardice. The Spartans had a saying, that he who stood most in fear of the law, generally showed the least fear of an enemy. And we may infer the truth of this from the reverse of the proposition, for daily experience shows us that they who are the most daring in a bad cause are often the most pusillanimous in a good one.

HE that sets out on a journey of life, with a profound knowledge of books but a shallow knowledge of men, with much sense of others yet little of his own, will find himself as completely at a loss on occasions of common and constant recurrence as a Dutchman without his pipe, a Frenchman without his wine, an Italian without his fiddle, or an Englishman without his umbrella.

POSTHUMOUS fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed of it. Or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead; but, unlike that awful blast, it is of earth not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

WE find there is a decided difference of opinion as to whether men and women have the same formal appearance in the next world as in this. Well, all the handsome people think *yes*, and all the ugly ones (if conscious of their plainness, as generally they are not,) think *no*. How strange!

IT is said that the only two kinds of laughing animals in the universe are hyenas and men. The other points of resemblance between the two have not, so far as we know, been accurately pointed out. We hope they are not numerous. But we have our fears.

WE should learn to distinguish the uses from the abuses of antiquity. Not to know what happened before we were born is to remain always a child; to know and blindly adopt that knowledge as an implicit rule of life is never to be a man.

UPON a late occasion in our city, a glass of brandy, hurled by one loafer at another, entered the skull of the latter, who has since been a maniac. It was not the first instance of a man's getting crazy from a glass of brandy flying into his head.

A SPRIGHTLY book has just been published, entitled "Lectures to Married Men." The author was probably mistaken in supposing that there was any lack of such lectures. They are said to be very abundant. But curtains are generally drawn over them.

PERHAPS it is a benevolent provision of Providence that we should possess in fancy the good qualities that we lack in reality; for, if we did not occasionally think well of ourselves, we should be very certain to think ill of others.

A VERY distinguished philosopher says that whatever is most useful is most beautiful. We utterly deny it. A dog's nose is not half so comely as that of a beautiful lady, but twice as good for smelling.

PERHAPS men are the most imitative animals in all the world of nature. Only one ass ever spoke like a man, but hundreds of thousands of men are daily talking like asses.

WHAT a comfort a dull, but kindly, person is, to be sure, at times! A groundless shade over a glass-lamp is not less grateful to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"I THINK you have got a stye in your eye," said a green youth to a girl he was trying to court. "No," said she, looking straight at him, "I have a great hog in it, but no sty for him."

A DISTINGUISHED English author earnestly advises, in a novel now in the course of publication, that men "*shall not do anything upon tick.*" Will he not permit us to *sleep* upon tick?

IF you do, when you are alone, what you are unwilling to do in the presence of your acquaintances, you respect them more than you do yourself.

IT is unquestionably true that charity covers a multitude of sins, but we are more than half afraid that crinoline covers a multitude of sinners.

UNQUESTIONABLY a bill of a non-specie paying bank is a lie-bill.

THERE are a great many people, who, no matter how good their *eyes* are, don't *look* well.

CONTENTMENT is oftener made of cheap materials than of dear ones.

THE man who does most has the least time to talk about it.

CURRENT ITEMS.

IT has recently been discovered that a most extraordinary custom prevails among the Vizrees, a powerful tribe occupying an extensive district in Cabul, among the mountains between Persia and India. The women choose their husbands, and not the husbands their wives. If a woman be pleased with a man, she sends the drummer of the camp to pin a handkerchief to his cap, with a pin she has used to fasten her hair. The man thus "pinned" is obliged to marry her, if he can pay her price to her father.

A MARRIED woman living in Smyrna, Delaware, recently flogged a dissipated fellow who was in the habit of coaxing her husband off to a tavern, where they would both drink to excess. Meeting the offender on the piazza of the hotel, she thrashed him soundly, and then offered her arm to her husband, and conducted him home. Some one remarking that she was a strong-minded woman, the bewildered victim replied that he knew nothing about the strength of her *mind*, but that her *arm* was powerfully strong.

AN exchange paper says that "a company of the citizens of Miamitown, Ohio, numbering eighteen persons, not long since attempted to lynch an obnoxious individual named Coleman, by hanging him, but failing in the attempt, they were each fined $100." We would like to know whether the fine was imposed because the eighteen citizens *attempted to lynch* Coleman, or because they *failed in the attempt*.

THE Sultan of Turkey does things up on a scale of oriental grandeur whenever he does anything at all. Wishing to make Queen Victoria a present of a beautiful full-blooded Arabian horse, and considering that the present of him alone would be a decidedly "one-horse" affair, he added seventy-nine others, and sent Her Majesty a present of eighty horses in a drove.

THREE duels were lately fought in New Orleans, in one week. In one of the combats, small swords were the weapons used, and one of the parties who was disabled by a wound, was only saved from death by the point of his antagonist's sword striking against a full purse in his pocket. That was not the first time a man has been saved by a full purse.

THE last news from India brings tidings of the universal triumph of the British arms. Sir Colin Campbell has been advised that a peerage is in waiting for him, but he seems to prefer the rank of Field Marshal—as his pay and allowances while serving in India would then be about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

A HIGHLY respectable citizen of Goshen, Mass., named Adam Bentley, having a cancer in his hand, some months since had his arm taken off just below the elbow. Finding no relief, he set a man from Lowell and a strange doctor from Connecticut at work to amputate it at the shoulder, and died during the operation.

THERE is a pigeon roost in Decatur county, Ind., which is twenty-eight miles long and fourteen miles wide. Throughout this vast extent of country every tree has from ten to fifteen nests, and every nest from one to half-a-dozen birds. This spring is the first time the pigeons have nested in this roost for thirty years.

DURING the recent trial of a lottery case in Philadelphia, one of the witnesses testified that he had from first to last expended over thirty thousand dollars for lottery tickets, over and above the amount of all the prizes he had ever drawn.

AT a meeting of clergymen recently held in this city, it was stated that the whole number of persons who have united with the various Christian denominations of this country, during the revival, exceeds a quarter of a million.

AN old clock, in running order, has turned up in New Haven which was made in London, A.D. 1509—three hundred and forty-nine years ago, and only seventeen years after the discovery of America, by Columbus.

TO ARTHUR.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

I sit in my lonely chamber, and a band plays on the shore—
They are playing Annie Laurie, and the Lady of Elsinore;
And I shut my eyes and listen, and think I have crossed the sea,
That I hear the music in Woodstock, and you are once more with me.

On a beautiful July evening—oh do you remember it too?
We listened to Annie Laurie, while the light of the moon was new;
And I said to you that moment—"When I am far away,
We will think of this night, and each other, wherever a band shall play."

I think of you here this evening, and my tears fall hot and fast,
For the pain of our present parting, and the joy of our lovely past;
There is no one to smile derision, and I am not ashamed to sigh,
As the chords of the plaintive music float out on the air and die.

Would *I* had been Annie Laurie, and we had lived long ago,
So that our heads at this moment, *together* were lying low;
For better it were to be resting, away from this trouble and pain,
Than to feel, as we do, in our loving—we never may meet again!

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE BOY FRIENDS.

It required all the powers of self-command which our hero possessed over himself—and they were naturally great—to enable him to control not only his feelings of impatience, but the disgust he felt in coming in contact with Captain Gall, whom he looked upon as one of those brutes who take a keen delight in human sufferings. But for the peculiarity of his own position, he would have told him what he thought of his conduct, and reproached him with it. The dread of defeating his hopes of clearing his father's fame restrained him.

"You don't take your wine," observed Mr. Chutnee.

Our hero filled his glass and passed the decanter, observing, as he did so, that he had but a poor head for drinking.

"Heart, you mean," replied Sanford, maliciously; for he rejoiced in the opportunity of exciting the jealous fears of his employer. "That, I fear, is absent!"

The merchant began to look uneasy.

"And very natural, too, at his age," added the captain. "When I was a youngster, I fell in love with every fresh face. Happy to take wine with you, Mr. Tyrrell."

Richard forced himself to comply with the invitation.

"You make no reply to the accusation," observed the host, with a sickly smile.

"What reply can I make?" replied the young man. "It is the mere badinage of society, and the submitting to it the penalty which youth pays upon its *entree*. If I am dull and dispirited, you may thank your guest."

"Thank me!" repeated Captain Gall, in a tone of surprise.

"My visit to the ship this morning."

"Why, you scarcely drank anything; did he, Sanford?"

"Certainly not," said the clerk.

"Not from wine. I trust I shall never have that excuse to make," said our hero. "But the sight of the Caradoc reminded me of dear old England, and those I left behind me."

"Homesick," exclaimed the commander.

"Love-sick, more likely," added the confidential clerk.

"Perhaps neither—perhaps both," replied Richard. "At any rate, I'll not feel myself called upon to take you into my confidence or listen to my confession: *I am not so young as that.*"

"I can appeal to Mr. Chutnee," said the clerk, "if you have not lost much of your animal spirits since you came to India."

The merchant confirmed the speaker in his assertion. He was anxious, if possible, to lead him into something like an avowal of his opinions and feelings; and his guest, who saw the ruse, determined to gratify and punish him at the same time.

"Perhaps I was not in love then," he observed.

The jealous husband winced.

"You are now?" he observed.

His guest shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Tyrrell is a great admirer of beauty," observed Sanford.

"Have I ever made you my confidant upon the subject?" demanded our hero, somewhat haughtily. "I really think the conversation has gone quite far enough—not that I am naturally of a captious disposition, but there is such a thing as self-respect."

"And self-conceit," mentally ejaculated the mortified clerk.

At this part of the conversation a servant entered the drawing-room to invite the gentlemen to take coffee with the lady of the mansion. Mr. Chutnee felt annoyed, but was naturally too well-bred to offer any objection.

"You must offer my excuses," said Richard, rising to depart, for he had recognized Zeneb the sycee as he rode past the verandah, leading his horse, and knew by the sign of intelligence he gave him that he had succeeded. "I have an engagement."

"A rendezvous," exclaimed Captain Gall, laughingly.

"Well," replied the young man, smiling, "for once I do not mind confessing that it is a rendezvous, and that has been the cause of my abstraction and impatience. Are you satisfied with the admission?"

"Perfectly," cried the gentleman; and Sanford quoted the well-known lines of the poet and fabulist, Gay—

"An.. when a lady's in the case
You know all other things give place.'

In perfect good humor at the storm of badinage, the young man took his leave, and the merchant, with a much lighter heart, invited the remaining guests to follow him to the salon, to take coffee with his wife.

"Where is Mr. Tyrrell?" demanded the lady, in a tone of disappointment.

"He has left."

"How stupid."

"I pressed him to remain," observed her husband, fixing his eyes upon her, to mark the effect of his words, "but he pleaded one of those engagements which youth looks forward to with impatience."

Zamora did not appear to understand him.

"Where the heart is occupied," added the speaker.

"Ah! yes! I know!" she exclaimed, with a cheerful smile; "he was quite right to go under such circumstances. I should have insisted upon his leaving."

In the purity and innocence of her nature, she naturally concluded that our hero had gone to a party at Sir Charles Fourreau's, or where he would meet Lillian.

Her husband felt both puzzled and gratified. Puzzled at the readiness with which she had comprehended his not over delicate insinuation, and gratified at the indifference with which she listened to it.

"Is it coldness," thought Sanford, "or is it art?"

As for the captain, his was one of those coarse natures that seldom feel surprised at any self-development of passion or frailty on the part of his fellow creatures.

As Richard was not present, the lady cared very little about her husband's remaining guests, and, with that tact peculiar to women, permitted the conversation gradually to drop. The consequence was, they speedily took their leave.

"Zamora," observed her husband, as soon as they were alone, "you have surprised and vexed me by the levity of your conduct tonight."

The lady looked in his face with an air of innocent surprise.

"I do not comprehend you."

"When I told you of the cause of Tyrrell's absence—that he had gone to a rendezvous with——But I will not enter into particulars. You absolutely smiled."

"And why should I not smile?" demanded his wife. "Do you imagine that it is any secret from me?"

It was the gentleman's turn to be mystified.

"What can be more natural?" she added; "they are both young."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Why, of Tyrrell and Lillian. Of whom else should I speak?"

"I made no allusion to Lillian," said the merchant, gravely, "but to a rendezvous of a very different character."

MEETING OF RICHARD AND JACK.

The lady, hitherto cold and impassible, as usual, started to her feet, her dark eyes flashing with scorn and incredulity.

"And is it to me," she exclaimed, "that you degraded yourself by uttering such a falsehood? Oh, shame, man, shame! Respect your wife, if you wish the world to respect her. Richard Tyrrell is all but the declared lover of Lillian, and, what is more, is worthy of her love. Oh, what a tainted imagination some men have!"

"It is possible," faltered Mr. Chutnee, dreadfully confused, "that I misunderstood——"

"It is certain you misunderstood him!" interrupted Zamora. "His heart is pure as the first flowers of spring—pure with its early love, its ~~dreams of innocence and sensibility, its gushing~~ music which makes harmony in all things."

"And what know you of such love?" demanded her husband, uneasily.

"*I have dreamt of it*," replied Zamora, with a low, musical laugh, "dreamt of it. And whilst I find happiness in dreams it is neither kind nor *prudent* to awaken me. I fear," she added, "we shall never understand each other till it is too late."

There was a tone of sadness in the last words of the speaker which fell reproachfully on the ear of the merchant; who began, for the first time, to suspect that he had not done justice to the purity of his wife or the honor of Richard Tyrrell. But jealousy is always unjust. Like the lull of the tempest, its intervals only serve to augment the force of the succeeding wave.

When our hero arrived at his home, he hastened to the little pavilion at the bottom of the garden, which he had directed to be got ready for the reception of his expected guest.

The sailor felt dreadfully humiliated as he stood, half-starved and ragged, in the presence of his former companion.

"Jack!" exclaimed his protector, holding out a hand to him.

The poor fellow raised his eyes to his face hesitatingly. There were the old familiar features—the smile—the look of kindness—he grasped it warmly, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Richard wisely permitted them to flow on, for they relieved his heart. He knew that the feelings which prompted them were better indulged in than restrained.

"Sit down," he said, after a pause, "and let me know from your own lips all that has occurred. But first tell me one thing, and set my mind at rest."

"What is that, sir."

"Have you mentioned my name to any one,—I mean the name of my father?"

"No; I only spoke of you as one whom I had formerly known."

This assurance relieved the mind of our hero from a heavy load. Satisfied that his secret was safe, he thought only of serving his former companion.

"Why do you call me 'sir?'" he asked.

The sailor looked first at the speaker and then glanced at his own wretched, and all but ragged, appearance.

"We will soon remedy that," exclaimed our hero, joyously; "and, what is more, redeem you from the tyrant you have escaped from. The old seaman who first spoke to me about you, told me that you had not signed your indentures."

"Never."

"That is fortunate,—not but means might have been found to break them, if you had. Have you supped?"

Jack informed him that he had.

"Let me learn how you became a sailor,—in short, all that has occurred since we parted on that fatal New Year's eve, when——"

"I tempted you to sin," added Jack, with a blush of shame; "but I meant no harm, thought no harm, for I had never been taught the difference between right and wrong. I saw that you was in want, your mother and sister starving, and afforded the only help in my power,—but I know better now."

"And who taught you better?" asked his hearer.

"An angel."

Richard smiled.

"It must have been," continued the youth, "for the words of the prayer we used to say together, the only one I ever heard, have never been forgotten. Frequently, when mad with the ill-usage of the captain, hopeless, desponding, wretched. I have felt tempted to end my misery by dropping from the yardarm into the hissing waters, they returned to me, and I made up my mind to struggle on."

"And what were these words?" inquired Richard.

"*Lead us not into temptation*," replied Jack, solemnly. "I often repeated them to myself at night, when the companions of my watch were drinking, or telling tales of home that made my heart sad; for I had no home, no one to care for me; and they chased away bad thoughts. Sometimes I wondered what had become of you; and, when the brute to whom my precious uncles had disposed of me treated me with cruelty till life became a burden, owned that it was only a fitting punishment for having sought to make you as dishonest as myself."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus," observed his friend, gravely; "for it conveys an assurance ~~that you regret your past mode~~ of life, and are anxious to redeem the future; but proceed. I have given orders against all interruption."

Jack began his narrative from the time of his quitting the speaker in the park; and when he described his mother and her assailant on the bridge, and his own share in rescuing her, the grateful son grasped his hand warmly.

"Poor mother!" he sighed.

"Have you not seen her?"

"No."

Jack regarded him with surprise.

"But I know that she is well and happy," added our hero—"happy as far as being placed above want can make her. Proceed with your own adventures; mine you shall be made acquainted with afterwards."

The young man listened attentively to the visit of Mr. Silex to the house of Mike in the Belvidere-road, and the arrangement respecting the child; but nothing could exceed his astonishment when the narrator informed him that the name of the girl was Lillian.

"Lillian?" he repeated.

"That was the name they gave her."

"Describe her."

Jack did so, and, although years had elapsed, the portrait he drew was still so faithful that not a doubt remained upon the mind of his hearer. He had heard various rumors respecting her birth; that she owed her present position to the caprice, as the world called it, but as he understood it, to the benevolence of Sir Charles and Lady Bell.

"And you know the lady who brought her to Mike?"

"Yes."

"She is called——"

"Lady Boothroyd," answered the youth. "I have not forgotten that; or that my uncle Andrew lives at the Home Farm. If ever I live," he added, with a flush of resentment, "I shall know where to find him."

He next proceeded to describe the manner in which he had been trepanned on board the Caradoc; and entered into details which we will not harrow the feelings of our reader by repeating.

"But for the kindness of Caleb who was almost as great a sufferer as myself," he added, "and the old seaman, who spoke to you in my behalf, life would have been insupportable; it was a heavy burden even with their sympathy.'

"No doubt," ejaculated Richard.

"My uncles must have paid the captain well to take me."

"Guilt is seldom chary of its coin when safety is the price. But did you never, in any of the ports you put in at, attempt to escape?"

"Twice," replied the sufferer; "both in China and at the Cape; but neither consul nor magistrate would listen to me."

"Why not?"

"The captain told them I had been a thief."

"But you were also a human being!" exclaimed his former companion, indignantly, "and that ought to have been sufficient; but look up, better days have dawned. I have not forgotten your past kindness to my sister Mary or myself."

"To you, sir?"

"Call me, Richard."

Jack Manders looked in his face, and faintly smiled.

"I must now tell you of my adventures," continued our hero, "which have been nearly as strange as your own. The gentleman whom we saw in the park listened to my tale of distress and temptation with a pitying ear; and, finding it a true one, took an interest in me, sent me to school, and educated me."

"Oh, thank heaven!" exclaimed his hearer, clasping his hands. "I have not your ruin to answer for. When I saw how well you were dressed, that you had servants, a home of your own, I suspected——"

"That your lesson had taken root?"

"Yes."

"Fortunately it did not, nor ever will, I trust. My benefactor gave me his family name."

This was perfectly true, Tyrrell had been the name of Mr. Bentley's mother.

"And sent me out to India for a purpose which I will one day explain to you, enough at present that it is an honorable one; but you must promise me, Jack, to forget that I ever bore any other appellation than the one I am at present known by."

"And what is that?"

"Richard Tyrrell."

Jack repeated it several times to himself, and faithfully promised never to address him or speak of him by any other.

"As long as you observe that promise," said our hero, "you are safe, even if Captain Gall should discover you are beneath my roof, for I have both the power and will to protect you—perhaps, also to assist your friend Caleb."

His hearer could only look his thanks.

"He, too, is an apprentice to this monster, you say?"

"Yes."

"And has signed his indentures?"

"Yes."

"He must be a subject for after consideration. My present plan is that you should remain here quietly till the Caradoc has sailed. Leave Caleb to my care. You will require some time to recover your health and good looks. When the ship is gone, and the accusation of your having been a pickpocket no longer hangs over you, you can appear freely in Calcutta. Are you satisfied?"

"Oh, yes! not only satisfied, but grateful."

"It is settled, then."

"I will be your servant."

"No, Jack," replied our hero, giving him his hand, "my friend. Prosperity has not destroyed my memory. I know the temptations, the arts which led your youth astray, and am resolved on giving you an opportunity of redeeming yourself."

The poor fellow could only look his thanks.

"Man judges the crime, God the temptation," added Richard, seriously. "I have felt the last, though, happily, I escaped the former."

"Happily, indeed!"

"And now tell me, have you never thought of the girl you described to me—of the pretty Lillian?"

"Thought of her!" exclaimed her former protector; "aye, a thousand times. And it has added to my sufferings. Left to the mercy of Mike; and I know what that means," he added, with a shudder.

"What if she has escaped him?"

His hearer shook his head incredulously.

"And were in India?"

"Impossible."

"All things are possible," observed our hero. "Providence is wiser than we know or can imagine. I have not the slightest doubt but what I tell you is correct; but I will ascertain to-morrow."

"Oh, let me see her!" exclaimed Jack, with deep earnestness; "let me see her. It will take a weight from my heart."

Richard looked at him earnestly. The idea that the poor fellow loved her struck him, but was instantly dismissed; both were so young when they were separated by the clever contrivance of the twin brothers.

"All in good time," he said.

"You cannot tell what I owe her."

"Owe her!"

"Yes. She taught me the prayer I told you of."

"It was, indeed, a lesson; and one we all have need of," observed our hero. "Good night," he added; "in the morning, I will see you again."

The two young men who had known each other as boys, and in poverty, shook hands and separated; but not to sleep, for neither of them could forget the adventures of the day. Poor Jack, how his heart bounded with gratitude at the conviction that he had found, at last, some being to care for him—that life was not all a blank. Had his protector demanded his life at that moment, in the fullness of his feelings, he would have sacrificed it freely in his service.

Lillian had given the uncared-for outcast his first idea of a God; his friend had now reconciled him to humanity by the golden links of sympathy and kindness.

Although greatly surprised at what his *protege* had told him respecting the orphan, our hero felt that the fair girl was dearer to him for her misfortunes. Her birth might be obscure; but what cared he for its adventitious advantages. He would not barter one grace or virtue in the being he loved for the noblest name the heraldic page ever blazoned.

As he was to start the very next day for his visit to Mrs. Chutnee's country-house, it was necessary to consider how he should dispose of Jack. To take him with him without first relating his history, and consulting Sir Charles, was out of the question; to leave him in his own house alone appeared still more objectionable. Captain Gall might discover his retreat, and force him, in the absence of his protector, to return on beard the Caradoc. In this dilemma he determined to apply to Wharton.

He would have consulted his friend Marsh, but, strange to say, the lieutenant had quitted Calcutta two days after the ball at the government house, and given his ward no other explanation of his departure than a hastily written note, in which he stated his intention of returning in the course of a week or two.

"Bring him here," said the young officer, the instant Richard had explained the difficulty; "he will be safe enough till you come back. I will take charge of him."

"The thing I most wish," replied his visitor; "and yet hesitate to accept."

"Why hesitate?"

"He is only a common sailor."

"What has that to do with his remaining with me, if you desire it?"

"A runaway from his ship."

At this piece of information his friend looked a little serious.

"One of the Queen's ships?" he demanded.

"No."

"Hang the merchant recruit!" exclaimed Wharton, with a laugh.

"He was trepanned on board," added Richard.

"Poor fellow."

"And been most brutally used."

"Bring him at once," repeated the officer. "His captain will never think of asking for him here; and, if he does, I shall know how to answer him. Why do you hesitate?"

"Simply because your generous offer, should I accept it, entails on me the necessity of explaining."

"Not a word—a syllable," interrupted Fred. "You wrong my friendship when you suppose it necessary. We know, and, I believe, understand each other. My servant is an excellent fellow, he has lived with me from boyhood. I can rely on his discretion."

"You are a generous fellow, Wharton," exclaimed his friend; "and I feel that, in justice to myself, I ought to tell you all."

"You shall do yourself justice on your return from the hills," replied the young officer. "I have no time to listen to you now; bring your *protege*, and make yourself easy as to his safety. It is enough for me to know," he added, "that you feel interested in his welfare."

An hour afterwards Jack Manders was transferred to the quarters of the speaker, in the barrack-yard; and his protector on his way to pay his promised visit.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE BETROTHAL.

The first great epoch in the dawn of manhood is when the heart finds a voice whispering the name of one loved being—when her image haunts us, and a thousand waking dreams possess the brain, painting a happy, but, alas! too often unreal, future. At this important crisis our hero had arrived; feelings whose novelty both pleased and startled him burst into existence—feelings graceful and tender as the earliest flowers of spring—delicious buds of opening promise.

Conscious of the importance of the motives which brought him to India, and the peculiar position in which, from the concealment of his name, he was placed, he struggled for awhile to repress the rising passion, but the task proved beyond his strength. It was in vain that he devoted himself with increased assiduity to the business of Mr. Chutnee's counting-house—even there the recollection of Lillian pursued him—or endeavored to stifle the new-born passion by violent exercise when the affairs of the day were over. After galloping his thorough-bred Arab along the banks of the Hooghly, as desperately as if he were riding a race against time, his course invariably ended in a call at the residence of Sir Charles Fourreau, till the noble animal he bestrode at last became so well acquainted with the road which led to it, that his master had only to give him the rein, and he would proceed there of his own accord.

Neither was Lillian heart-whole. The blind god's spell had shadowed her with its musing, melancholy influence. During the day she appeared sad, lost in commune with her own thoughts, or indulging in that delicious dreaminess which renders the eye and ear inattentive to surrounding influences.

Lady Bell, who loved her with a mother's love, was not slow to perceive this change in the manner of her adopted child, and perfectly comprehended the cause. Affection is ever watchful. She had long since perceived the state of Richard's feelings with pleasure—for, of all the young men of her acquaintance, he was the only one to whom she could have consigned the innocent and lovely girl, with the full and intimate conviction that, as far as manliness of heart, high principle, and devoted love could insure the happiness of woman, he was calculated to do so.

One point alone puzzled and baffled her penetration. Although she had, with infinite tact, given him more than one occasion of declaring himself, he had hitherto avoided an *eclaircissement*.

His hesitation annoyed her, but did not shake her confidence in his honor, or the purity of his intentions.

What a weak thing the resolution of a man is, when the heart rebels against its being carried out.

Richard had argued himself into the conviction that, with a sacred duty to perform, it would be wrong in him, very wrong, to yield to what he considered a weakness, by attempting to win the heart of Lillian under a feigned name. In the natural delicacy of his sentiments, probably he considered it something more than weakness—dishonorable.

Win the heart of Lillian! alas! it was no longer to be won; the prize was his already.

How frequently do we see resolutions which those who make them vainly pronounce to be of iron, conclusions which reason has pronounced unimpeachable, give way before a word, a look, or, above all, a tear? His nature must be stern indeed when it can resist the last, especially when it falls from the eyes of those we love.

With a mind more determined than ever not to pledge the happiness of the fair girl to a future which still appeared dark and uncertain, Richard Tyrrell, at the close of his daily occupation in the counting-house, mounted his horse as usual, in the hope that action, the excitement of dashing at the whirlwind's pace along the undulating banks of

the river, might cool the fever in his heart. But it was not to be cooled; exercise seemed rather to increase it. Vainly the young horseman wooed the breeze which at sunset plays along the stream; it seemed but to fan the flame. Tired out at last, he relaxed the rein, and his horse cantered off in the usual direction.

"I can turn at the ghaut," thought its rider.

The landing-place was passed, but it was with the full resolution of taking the *next* turning, which led to his own home. Somehow, doubtless the youthful portion of our readers can explain why, the second intention proved as unstable as the first, and the foamy Arab drew up on the parade-ground in front of the residence of Sir Charles.

Several grooms hastened to take his horse; it was a contest amongst them which should succeed, for they had frequently experienced his generosity.

On entering the saloon, Richard found that it was untenanted. Neither Lady Bell nor her adopted child were there. The former was engaged in giving directions to Rose for the journey on the following day to the hills. The verandah, which looked upon an extensive garden, invited him to walk forth in the hope of finding them.

Lillian, a prey to her secret meditations, had only preceded him a few minutes. He discovered her seated under the shade of a wide-spreading chestnut tree, whose rich flowers sent forth a delicious perfume.

His approach was unnoticed till he stood before her. The fair girl, conscious upon whom her thoughts had been engaged, started to her feet and blushed deeply as she extended her hand to him.

It trembled within his.

"I thought I should find you here," he exclaimed. "The saloon is untenanted."

"Lady Bell is engaged," replied the maiden; "and the freshness of the evening tempted me to the garden. I will inform her ladyship that you are here."

"Do not let me drive you away," said our hero, still retaining her hand in his. "It is the hour for enjoying the beauty of nature."

The eyes of the speaker were riveted upon one of her masterpieces. Never had he seen her look so lovely.

The lovers—for unconsciously they were such—lingered for a few moments, watching in silence one of those glorious sunsets which Claude might have mistaken for an Italian scene, so broad was the flood of golden light upon the slopes of the garden, and the distant hills crested with the feathery palm and underwood of richly-tinted foliage.

Both remained silent; they felt too happy in each other's society to break the spell by words which neither dared to make the echo of their thoughts.

The air, laden with the perfume of a thousand flowers, whose delicate leaves it scarcely ruffled in its course, was so calm and still, that the buzz of the myriad insects, and amongst others the fire-fly, which already began to put forth its phosphorescent light, could be distinctly heard.

But although the voices of the youthful pair were hushed, their hearts communicated through their mutual sympathy with the beautiful in nature. Their eyes, too, were eloquent; for scarcely had one discovered some fresh charm in the glowing landscape, than a glance pointed it out, and communicated the pleasure it afforded to the other.

To Lillian this dream-like happiness was as unalloyed as her own innocent nature. If her feelings were deep, they were also calm as the placid lake, which encircling mountains screen from the storm's rude breath. Not so her companion—there was an alloy in his felicity; his heart longed to speak, to pour forth the eloquent passion of the love whose burning words rose to his lips.

The thought of the future, however, still restrained him.

"This scene is indeed beautiful," observed Richard Tyrrell, at last breaking the silence. "Never till this moment did I appreciate the full loveliness of the Indian landscape—its graceful palms, brilliant vegetation, undulating hills and cloudless skies. Its beauties, compared with those of our distant island home, are of a less tender, thoughtful character, if I may be allowed the expression, but far more magnificent."

"You have described in a few words the characteristics of both lands," she replied; "India is magnificent, and you appear so charmed with its glorious skies, its dreams, and poetry, that I presume it is your intention to remain in it."

"Perhaps!"

Lillian regarded him inquiringly.

"I am like a bark without rudder or compass at present," he continued, "at the mercy of the waves or accident; they may cast me on some desert shore, without one hope for the wrecked heart to shelter in."

"Say, rather, on some verdant isle," observed his companion, in a tone which betrayed the deep interest she felt in his welfare, "where you may find a home of happiness and sweet content. Fie, Richard, fie!" she added, for she had long since ceased to address him by the formal appellation of Mr. Tyrrell; "why doubt tha goodness of Providence or the energies of your own highly-gifted nature?"

"It is not energy I require," answered the young man.

"I am sure not."

"Or an aim; unfortunately, I possess both. It is that I perceive as yet no termination to the task I have imposed—the difficulties appear impassable."

"Impassable!" repeated the orphan, "to perseverance and——"

"She hesitated, not liking to pronounce the word.

"Wealth!" he exclaimed, finishing the sentence for her. "True, I am rich, but the heart has other feelings and aspirations than those that which gold can gratify."

Lillian blushed deeply, and turned aside.

"Love," he continued, o'erleaping with the word the barriers of prudence and reserve which he had lately pronounced impassable. "Nay, turn not from me, for my destiny, my future happiness, depend upon this moment. I love you, Lillian, not with a boyish passion that were unworthy of you; but with manhood's fervor, reason's constancy. I know that I am unworthy of the return I ask; but one word—one little word—will make me less so, for it will give me hope, fresh courage to accomplish the sacred task I have assigned myself."

Both the speakers were children of nature, perfectly unfettered by the cold and artful forms which too frequently destroy the ingenuousness of youth. The word he alluded to, the word which was to exercise such an extraordinary influence over his future destiny was spoken, or rather whispered, for Lillian breathed it forth so gently that none but a lover's ears could have caught the sound.

In an instant he was upon his knees, covering her trembling hand with a thousand kisses, and uttering vows which, when the heart is true, are graved upon it indelibly as on the granite; when false, transient as those which passion writes on sand.

We need not paint the intoxication of the moment when first the lip of woman breathes into the ear of manhood the confession of its love. The soul expands—enters on a new existence—and all around partakes of Eden's bliss.

"Oh, Richard," exclaimed the fair girl, "I have acted selfishly, ungenerously by you. Take back the vow I never should have received."

"What mean you?"

"That I am poor——"

"Rich, Lillian," interrupted her lover. "Rich in life's best graces—beauty, gentleness and goodness. Such were an angel's dower."

"My birth too humble. The affection of Sir Charles and Lady Bell are my only passport to the circles I move in—the consideration which surrounds me."

"Is virtue nothing?" he replied. "Do not wrong yourself or the world by supposing that all men estimate your sex by the adventitious advantages of birth and fortune. No, Lillian, no, had you been as poor and humble as you paint yourself, my heart could never know another choice."

For several moments the speakers stood absorbed in their dream of love; but, to Richard, mingling with that dream came other thoughts. The declaration of his passion, and the avowal that it was shared, rendered an explanation with Sir Charles and Lady Bell imperative. Honor demanded it; and faithful to its dictates, he resolved at once to obey them by candidly revealing to the guardians of Lillian the circumstances under which he quitted England.

Fortunately, he had in his pocket-book a letter which he had received that very day from his grandfather.

Drawing the arm of the fair girl within his, he led her towards the house, where he found both the baronet and her ladyship in the saloon.

As they quitted the garden, an Indian girl named Kehoda, who had attended upon Lillian from the time of her arrival in Calcutta, emerged from a clump of trees, where she had been a concealed witness of their interview. Like an ill-omened shadow she glided from the grounds in an opposite direction.

"In the garden so late," observed Sir Charles, seriously; "you forgot, Lillian, that the night dews are dangerous."

The gravity of the speaker's tone and manner was occasioned by a feeling that Richard Tyrrell had not yet made his intentions as clear as he considered he ought to have done. Lady Bell, with a woman's tact, perceived at once what had occurred; and, taking Lillian by the arm, she led her from the room, leaving the two gentlemen to come to an explanation.

"Sir Charles," said our hero, with manly frankness, "I am glad that I have found you: for I could not have endured the suspense of a night, scarcely of an hour. The time has arrived when I must claim your indulgence."

The soldier bowed.

"And assistance: for I have deceived you."

His hearer looked surprised.

"I love Lillian."

"That I have long perceived," replied her guardian, "and wondered at your silence."

"She has blessed me by the avowa lof her love," continued the youth; "and the happiness or misery of my life must depend on your decision."

"A few minutes since," said Sir Charles, "and I should have answered that this confession had fulfilled one of the secret wishes of my heart; but now I pause. I am a soldier, Mr. Tyrrell, and have a soldier's ideas of honor and straightforwardness, that cannot understand deceit. If the confessions which, I presume, you are about to make merely imply that you are poor, I reply frankly, and at once, that fortune is not a consideration."

"I am rich enough, and shall, in all probability, one day be more so," replied the lover of Lillian.

"Perhaps it may affect your birth," observed the gentleman. "I have no prejudice on that score. The parents of my ward were, I believe, of humble origin."

"My birth," said Richard, "is as respectable as your own, Sir Charles—not noble, I avow——"

"If character, Mr. Tyrrell," interrupted the baronet, "I state at once that unblemished honor is an indispensable condition. Lillian must never blush for the name of her husband."

"The name of Tyrrell is not mine."

"Indeed!"

"It was the name of my maternal grandmother."

His hearer bowed stiffly.

"I am the grandson of one of the wealthiest of our English merchants—a man whose character stands high in the mart of trade, and unsullied in the eyes of the world. It was by his consent—nay, I may add entreaty—that I visited India under an assumed name."

"And the motive?"

"To rescue my father from an unmerited accusation—to clear his honor in my grandfather's eyes and in those of the world."

With the eloquence of truth and nature, our hero proceeded to narrate the circumstances of his mother's marriage, her parents' anger and disappointment, the fatal weakness of her husband, the poverty into which they had fallen, his own temptation and its consequences. When he had done he concluded by placing in the hands of Sir Charles the last letter he had received from Mr. Bently.

There was something extraordinary in the narrative; but, confirmed as it was by certain passages in his grandfather's letter, Sir Charles became convinced of its truthfulness. What but a high sense of honor could have induced the speaker to avow circumstances so painful to his feelings, and humiliating to his pride, when he had but to maintain silence on the subject and all would have passed unsuspected? The recommendation of Mr. Curry and the introduction of the house of Chutnee and Company would have lulled all suspicion.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Sir Charles, extending his hand to him, which the young man shook most cordially; "strange as your story is, I believe every word of it; and will not conceal from you that you have removed a most unpleasant suspicion from my mind. When you spoke of having deceived me, I expected something far more terrible. The concealment of your real name, under the circumstances, was not only advisable but necessary."

"And I may hope——"

"Everything," replied the guardian of Lillian. "But you are both too young to think of marriage yet. Another year, my term of service will have expired, and I shall return to England."

"Alas!" exclaimed Richard; "my task will not be accomplished."

"Pooh! like most lovers, you first create a demon, and then turn pale at the monster you have made. We will bring the affair to an end long before the time arrives. You have given me a right by your confidence to interfere in this affair."

"What is the name of the firm," he added, "through which the acceptances were cashed in India?"

"Medjedei and Al Morad," replied our hero.

"Of Calcutta?"

"Yes."

The baronet made a note in his pocket-book.

"The senior partner," he observed, "died about two years since, enormously wealthy; by his will, he directed that all his capital should be withdrawn from the firm; and I have heard that his successors are embarrassed occasionally for want of funds."

"I can answer that it is so," replied the young man; "twice, within the week, has Al Morad been at our counting-house to solicit accommodation."

Sir Charles made a second memorandum.

"Have you much paper of his?" he asked.

"About fifty thousand rupees."

"And what said Mr. Chutnee?"

"Declined his request; but Sanford, the managing clerk, talked him over till he consented. If there has been foul play, he is the man I suspect."

"What are his antecedents?"

"He was a clerk in my grandfather's establishment."

"Who sent him out to India?"

"My grandfather, on the recommendation of his nephew, Carus Kearn, who, at one time, was destined to be the husband of my mother."

"And do you suspect this nephew?"

"I do," replied Richard, "but it is without proof."

"Good," muttered the old soldier, pleased with his candor.

"My suspicions arise, in the first place, from the fact that Carus Kearn has done much to make my grandfather believe my father guilty, and also from his having caused Sanford to be selected as the agent to investigate the affair."

"And what next?" asked the old soldier.

"In the next place, his uncle always avoided speaking of him in my presence."

"That is strange," observed Sir Charles Fourreau, musingly; "perhaps Mr. Bently feared to excite your jealousy."

"On what subject?"

"His fortune."

"It might have been mine before I came to India," answered our hero, modestly, "for the old man loves me, and when I first stated to him my intention of quitting England, of devoting my energies to clearing my father's fame, offered to settle his vast wealth on me irrevocably by deed of gift."

"Without conditions?"

"On the contrary, he wished to impose two."

"May I ask them?"

"The first was that I should consent to bear his name."

"You might have accepted that," observed Sir Charles.

"I did."

"And the second?"

"That I renounced all intercourse with my parents."

"Which you rejected?"

"With scorn," replied the young man; "for I would not barter the love of my dear mother and sister Mary for all the coined wealth of the universe; it would have been an act of infamy and cowardice, for I should have fixed the brand of reprobation on my father's name."

"You acted rightly," said his hearer, deeply moved by the manly, spirited conduct of the youth, who continued—

"If I consented to the estrangement for years from my parents which my grandfather enforced, it was from the conviction that the sorrow and self-reproach occasioned by my loss were necessary to confirm an erring father in the path of reformation, and not from an ignoble desire of personal advantage, or doubt of his honesty. I could as soon doubt," he added, "the truth of heaven, the purity of Lillian, or the kind friendship of Sir Charles Fourreau."

"It was your own proposal, then, to come to India, and hunt out the core of this sad mystery?"

"It was."

"And your grandfather?"

"Consented most reluctantly; for I will not conceal from you that his suspicions, amounting almost to a conviction, are unfavorable to my father. He provided me, however, with the means of maintaining the position which I one day trust to hold; used his influence to procure me letters from the prime minister to the governor-general, and an introduction to the house of Chutnee and Company."

"But why the latter?"

"I selected it."

"Because this Sanford is the managing clerk?"

"Even so."

"And wisely, too, my dear boy. I see it all; there is not a part or fragment of your somewhat singular history but dovetails and tallies with strict truth. You may find my assistance of more value than you at first imagined; I know something of the Indian character and the key to unlock their hearts. But come," he continued, "neither my wife nor my ward must be kept in suspense as to the result of our conversation. I will myself confide as much as I deem necessary to the former."

"And Lillian?"

"I authorize—nay, advise you to conceal all this from her," replied the baronet. "It can answer no good purpose to cloud the dawn of her young happiness with doubts and fears. The heart of a girl, when love first enters it, is easily alarmed by the thought of danger to the object of its choice."

Taking his visitor by the arm, the speaker proceeded with him from the *salon* to the *boudoir* of his wife, where the ladies were anxiously expecting their arrival—the orphan all blushes and agitation, and Lady Bell not quite satisfied at what she considered a somewhat unnecessary delay.

A smile from her husband reassured her.

Drawing Lillian towards him, he kissed her with the utmost tenderness; then, placing her hand in Richard's, left the room. His wife only waited to bestow a similar favor upon our hero, to follow him.

"You have spoken with my guardian?" inquired Lillian, modestly.

"I have; he is the best and noblest of mankind—he understood me, believed, trusted me, where many might have doubted. I owe to his confidence and your love the happiness of my life."

The simple-minded girl expressed no surprise, for she felt none. How could it enter her imagination, as she gazed upon his eloquent features and listened to the penetrating accents of his voice, that any one could doubt his truth?

It appeared monstrous—impossible.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

DEATH.—That confidence in the possibility of the duration of earthly enjoyment, which is in itself happiness, has fled forever, when we have bent over the cold remains of one we loved; for then comes the reflection, that so may perish every tie that binds us to life; and the mysterious chain by which memory links us to the loved dead, awakening thoughts which they once shared, precludes our forgetting that the flowers of earth only shade the graves that yawn beneath them.

BEAUTY.—We are always less prone to admit the perfection of those for whom our approbation is demanded; and many a woman has appeared comparatively plain in our eyes, from having heard her charms extolled, whose beauty might otherwise have been readily admitted.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

A young man stood in the center of a dim chamber, holding in his hands his first-born child. He stood in silence, with his eyes fixed on the tiny creature he held. Tears came into his eyes as he reflected on the utter helplessness of that unknowing being, that "little pilgrim of love, coming none knew whither." "How strange, how wonderful," thought the newly consecrated priest of the household, "that the great God, should entrust to the care of a sinful mortal like me the care and training of one of his human spirits. How awful is the responsibility that has come upon me. I feel that this is not my child alone, but that he is also the child of the Eternal God, and at my hands will his soul be required. Not for my pleasure or for the stay of my old age is this dear infant given, so much as for my instruction in the things of God. I feel this hour that the universal Father has laid his hand on me in a most solemn charge. He bids me to interpret to my child the character of his heavenly Father in such a manner as shall give him a worthy and attractive idea of God. I would rather drop down now, and die this moment, than live to treat my boy in any manner that shall cause his heart to shrink back from God when, in future years, He shall be presented to his mind in the character of a father. I hold thee, my unconscious child, and over thee I resolve, God helping me, that I will, to the utmost of my power, represent to thy unfolding mind the justice, the wisdom, the mercy, the patience, and love of God, that when thou art told that He is thy 'Father' thou may'st long to hasten to his arms and look upon his face; that thy heart may willingly and gladly yield Him its service and homage.

"Father and Son are the staple figures of the gospels, and never, sweet son, may thine earthly father be so lost to his duty and his love to thee, as to libel, by his own behavior, the paternal character of the Father of us all. Thou art in my power, my babe—thy destiny for weal or wo is in my hands, thy character depends upon my treatment and training of thee, and I know that for all I do to thee I must account to Him who gave thee. Oh! child, *God grant me grace* to be a true father unto thee, or let Him take thee, whilst thou art unspotted, unto himself."

A GOOD SERVANT.

A good servant is a thing for which to be devoutly thankful. Next to having a good and loving husband comes the comfort of a neat, smart, faithful servant. It matters not what may be her color, white, black, red, or indigo blue, it's all the same if she only *acts* right.

There cannot be much comfort in any family which is cursed by bad servants. No matter how good-natured all the members of your family may be, no matter how wealthy you may be, no matter how many pleasant things fall into your daily life, if the affairs of the kitchen are always going wrong you'll have a worm at the core. Depend on that. If, then, you have a good servant, be good to *her*, that you may render her happy to make your house her perpetual home, unless she should unfortunately get married or die.

In order to prevent the former catastrophe, allow her to see freely all her masculine cousins, &c. Just as *sure* as you lay on an interdict, you'll wake some wretched morning to discover the lower regions desolate, and your servant a bride—though the latter discovery may not be made for some time after the former has been.

In order to prevent your good girl from dying, just see that she has things convenient for her work. Don't allow her to go from a steaming washtub out into the unshoveled snow to hang out clothes, nor expect her to do her regular work when she is sick enough to be abed. *Take care of her* as if you had some idea of her being made of flesh and blood, just as *you* are. When you have extra good times up stairs, don't forget that your servant sits alone below, listening to the echo of pleasures, that she may not hope to share, and send, or *go yourself*, down to laugh once into her sober face, and flash sunshine over her lonesome heart, by a token of your thought of her amid the revelry. Give her something from the halls above. Say something to show that although she is your servant, and must wait on your company, you yet regard her respectfully and kindly. "*Condescend* to them who are of low estate." C. S.

BOYHOOD.

Boyhood! what is the abstract idea of it? Does the word convey an individual portrait, or a compound of the imagination? What is its age? When does it commence? When depart? It has several stages. The beau ideal of boyhood is somewhere between eight and twelve—though it exists before and after that age—but when within those years, it is invested with its greatest charm. Then is the first spring of intelligence, when all that meets the eye and the ear creates its due wonder. Then the feelings are tender, and there is yet just so much sweet natural helplessness as serves to keep ever warm and active our affection, by demand upon our care, and to engender a reliance upon us, the source of mutual delight.

Boys are gregarious creatures, and when in troops, having confidence in themselves and in each other, they are all noise and sport.

"Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can."

But when quite alone, even in their most delightful idleness, sauntering and loitering, by green lanes, or village highways, they show no signs of mirth. Watch them unseen, and you will find the lips apart, the eye inquiring; there is then a look that might be mistaken for pensive, but it is not that, nor is it easy to define; it is, however, singularly expressive of happiness, the result of sensibility and intuitive perception.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—Some dangerous theorists hold that vehemence of passion proves strength of feeling; that people of warm tempers have necessarily warm affections; and that a boy's spirit should not be broken. They never consider that a burst of passion is neither more nor less than a burst of selfishness, and that the individual who does more injury in one hour of anger than he could undo, perhaps, in years of willing toil, is likely to make his friends wish that his feelings had only the usual and average strength of their own, and that his spirit had been curbed only by his reason.

THE ORIGIN OF SORROWS.—We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it is piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the cause of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

A HOME FOR POOR WOMEN.

Why cannot some rich man or rich woman spend a part of the fortune that God has given, in erecting, in respectable localities, buildings made for the especial purpose of furnishing the comforts of a home to poor single women, who have no father's or mother's house in which to beg a corner? Among all the benevolent projects going on, this one seems never to have been thought of. And yet it is a very great want in all large cities, and in none more so than in these twin-cities of New York and Brooklyn. There are *multitudes* of well educated and respectable women here who, by change of circumstances, are deprived of the shelter and comfort of a home. By constant industry they are enabled to earn from four to six dollars a week, and *were* there some place where they could, without herding with the low, unrefined, and vicious, find a lodging place, cheap and permanent, they could continue to make themselves very comfortable; and even, perhaps, lay up small sums for the time of ill health or old age. But for want of such a place they must spend nearly all that they can earn for their board, and poor enough it is when all is paid. They must be crowded in anywhere, must be always uncertain of how long they may be able to remain in one place, must submit to a thousand galling annoyances and privations, must not hope for the least hovering of the sweet and restful home-feeling over their poor wearied hearts; in short, must work, work, work, year in and year out, for the privilege of paying away all that they can earn for being tormented and discouraged to slow—oh! eternally *slow*—death. They never have one moment's real, *restful* peace and enjoyment, except when they are sound asleep. You know it makes no difference how many things you may place upon a floor which rests upon the sea instead of on the solid land, you'll never make that floor steady till you take the billows from beneath it. Just so it is with a homeless woman's heart. You might heap it with favors high as the tops of the everlasting hills, and while she knew that she had no certain dwelling place you could never prevent the trouble of that thought from tossing her heart about, as the sea tosses its ships, and your gifts would, perhaps, be only new burdens. For alas! what shall a homeless, wandering woman do with what she gains? When she lives in a trunk, the less she has the better—packing being good for very few things. A. H.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessaries of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. How is it possible for you to be happy while you possess a discontented and deceitful heart? No situation, however exalted; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment, while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom contented. They are peevish, fretful, irascible. Bid them good morning, and they scowl. Nature and art appear to have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their views. While in this state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.

UNTIMELY REFUSAL OF RELIEF.

A baker in Paris, a very charitable man, who had always, upon principle, a sous, or a roll, to bestow upon the poor, became, at length, so beset and imposed on, that weary of the visitation of the pauper host, he solemnly vowed he would never more relieve one of them. How often are men made, like Jephthah, to repent of rash vows? And not long after taking this, a miserable object presented himself at the baker's door, imploring a crust of bread for pity's sake—he was starving. "Starving, indeed!" cried the baker; "that's the old story; but I'm not now to be so taken in. March, sirrah!—you'll get nothing here, I assure you!" The emaciated, miserable object crawled away; the baker had the curiosity to watch him, and saw, alas! that his tale had been but too true; for many steps he had not proceeded from this beneficent tradesman's now inhospitable door, ere he fell to the ground dead!

So shocked was the good baker by this circumstance, that he opened his house to all beggars as before; and retracting his first vow, made another equally solemn, that none hereafter who applied to him for relief, should ever depart from his door without it.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

Faith and friendship are seldom truly tried but in extremes. To find friends when we have no need of them, and to want them when we have, are both alike easy and common. In prosperity, who will not profess to love a man; in adversity, how few will show that they do it. When we are happy in the spring-tide of abundance, and the rising flood of plenty, then the world will be our servants; then all men flock about us, with bared heads, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but shifteth to another strand; then men look upon us at a distance, and stiffen themselves, as if they were in armor; lest, if they should comply us, they should get a wound in the close. Our fortunes and ourselves are things so closely linked, that we know not which is the cause of the love that we find. When these two shall part, we may then discern to which of them affection will make wing.

USEFULNESS.—It must be a great satisfaction, at the close of life, to be able to look back on the years which are passed, and to feel that you have lived, not for yourselves alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured, also, that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. *There is nothing in this world so good as usefulness.* It binds your fellow-creatures to you, and you to them; it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society, much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.

NORMA'S BRIDAL.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

The golden lamps are all aglow
  Beneath a palace roof sublime—
Wild tides of music ebb and flow
  And break on shores of loveliest rhyme—
(Oh, kingly was the lavish pride
  That decked these glorious festive halls!
And the high genius deified
  That hung such wonders on the walls!
Dreams of the old mysterious East
  Glowed here in depths of sunset light;
And here an Indian marriage-feast
  Made the dim chamber grand at night;
The Crusade, and the Tournament—
  The hero worship of the past—
And the fierce wings of Navies bent
  Before the rushing thunder-blast—
Or there, in Italy's summer space,
  Night, with her thousand splendid stars,
Gleamed on a meek Madonna face
  Betwixt a convent's gloomy bars—
Or here, in tender passion-strife,
  Pale-fronted Gods, and Nymphs divine,
Dilated with ideal life.
  As crystal cups o'erflow with wine,
The poet's soul o'erflowed the theme
  The artist wrought upon the wall—
And radiant as that artist's dream
  The starry lamp-light gilded all!)
Proud forms are flitting to and fro
  'Twixt oriental lights and glooms,
Soft as the drifting, moonlit snow,
  They move about the gorgeous rooms;
And, empress of the revelry,
  Proud Duchess Norma, where art thou?
The mantling beakers blush for thee!
  The bridal veil is on thy brow!
Grand as his ducal coronet,
  De Beaufort waits thee at the door—
"Oh! Norma, can thy *heart* forget
  The wild, sweet vales of Connismore?"
The haunting music of that tone
  Rings through her madly throbbing brain,
But with an inward, stifled moan,
  She leads the glittering bridal-train.
With sweet blue eyes, and curls of gold
  That flash like sunlight in their fall,
The proudly beautiful—the cold—
  Guy Percy, leans against the wall.
To his pale forehead climbs a flush—
  As sunset tints the Alpine snow—
While thro' the fragrant light and hush
  He sees the splendid pageant go.
O'er the wild fells of Connismore
  The sunward years in beauty rolled,
Till of the summer-times a score
  Had touched his wandering curls with gold;
And on her girlhood wild and worn,
  Had stamped their bloom and fire, and wound
The midnight blackness of the storm
  Amid her tresses, all unbound.
Ah, Duchess Norma! thou mayest wea
  The undimm'd roses of thy youth—
The burning jewels in thy hair
  Cannot recall thy broken truth!
One backward yearning glance she flung
  Of ruined love and sated pride—
But he, the beautiful and young,
  Turned coldly from that perjured bride.
And years have died since they so wildly parted,
He the deceived, and she the broken-hearted.
The poet's deathless laurels wreathe *his* brow,
Her bridal-crown is dust and ashes *now!*

THE FADED ROSE.

A TALE OF MY EARLY YEARS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

A few frail summers had touched thee,
  As they touch the fruit,
Not so bright as thy hair the sunshine,
  Not so sweet as thy voice the lute;
Hushed the voice, shorn the hair; all is over,
  An urn of white ashes remains;
Nothing else, save the tears in our eyes,
  And our bitterest, bitterest pains. STODDARD.

It was a large, old-fashioned room, which, of itself, constituted the east side of the cottage where I was boarding. Of itself, I say—yet there was a chamber above, of the same dimensions, which also communicated with the house by means of a long narrow passage and a flight of stairs, and which should be reckoned with it. So completely was it an afterthought on the part of the builder, whoever he might be, that, sitting there, you seemed to be cut off from every one, and shut up in a kind of Robinson Crusoe-like house, by yourself. It only needed the drawing up of the steps after you, by which you entered the parlor, from the flower garden outside, to render the simile perfect.

It was just the place for a dreamer like myself. The house itself stood far back from the road, and the yard was full of pines and poplars, that shook their leaves and branches with a kind of mournful music whenever a breeze passed by. At the right of this yard, a little brook ran murmuring along to the pasture lands behind the house; at the left a great orchard, full of twisted and large-limbed apple-trees, hid the neighboring cottages from sight. Between this orchard and the white walls of the house was a small space of ground, which had been laid out as a flower-garden. Syringas and lilacs grew beside the lower windows—a Michigan rose was making ambitious attempts to hang its crimson clusters over those of the chamber, and the ground was covered with thick beds of violets, moss pinks, mignionette, monkshood, and ladies-slipper. They could scarcely be called cultivated, for little time and pains were bestowed upon them, and they ran wild over all the beds. Yet I could think of nothing much pleasanter than to sit upon the steps at the window, of a pleasant June day, when the sun was shining warm from a bright blue sky, and look out upon that old garden, full of light and fragrance, and the songs of birds, and the busy humming of countless brown bees.

To look back from that seat, into the square parlor, was to look into the very home of cool and quiet shade. The painted curtains at the windows threw a quiet light across the room, while from the garden a broad ray of sunshine entered, and lay in blocks and patches upon the floor. The furniture was in keeping with the place. Great chairs of mahogany, with a griffin carved upon their circular backs, which might have come over in the Mayflower, stood ponderously against the wall, as if they defied the strength of man to lift them from their places. Old pictures hung upon the wall—a faded carpet, which, in the days of its splendor, had delighted other eyes than mine, and been trodden by feet long since laid to rest in an English churchyard, covered the floor—and the tarnished screen and round, claw-footed table, had the same claim to my respect. The only modern things in the room were a piano, with its music stool and books—and myself.

I sat before that piano, one summer morning, leaning my arm upon the keys, and looking out into the flower-garden. I was not thinking of that, however—I was listening to some one in the room above, who was playing an air in a minor key—a melancholy, wailing thing—and yet I loved it. It was a master hand that touched the instrument, and it gave forth its sweetest melody, as if in thanks. By-and-by all was silent.

I turned to my own lesson. It was a song familiar to every ear, and loved by all. As I played it I heard the sound of steps in the chamber. Its occupant was pacing up and down, and half unconsciously, as it seemed, began to sing in a fine tenor voice, the tune I played. The voice only stopped when I stopped, at the end. I looked out of the window, struck a few deep chords, and smiled to myself.

Partly because I was in that happy mood, which never comes but to the very young,—the mood which finds delight in everything, animate and inanimate, around. Partly, also, because I saw a small, fairy-like figure, dressed in brown, and with brown curls floating over its shoulders, coming up the path. It was Rose Ellis, my music-teacher, and the owner of the little cottage where I boarded.

She lived here, with her blind mother—a quiet little figure, just suited to the place, and reminding me of a very sweet but modest flower that had always grown up in the shade. Her complexion was clear and colorless—her features regular and small—her eyebrows clearly but delicately penciled—her hair, brown and curling, her eyes of the same soft shade—her voice very low and gentle, and her every movement and look quiet and serene. She was very small—so small, indeed, that when I stood erect she could nestle under my arm—and had a thousand little dainty airs and ways totally unlike any one else. Add to this that she was somewhat diffident and reserved—loving her friends most ardently and truly, and feeling happy in the thought that she had not an enemy in the world, and you have a fair picture of her. I have never seen a face like hers but once since then—and it smiled upon me from beneath the vailed head-dress of a nun, as I passed slowly through the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, the other day. I was looking wistfully around, wondering if, indeed, those women were happy in their seclusion from our glad, gay world, when that face, speaking of faith, and resignation, and perfect peace, startled me. It was as if Rose herself was standing once more before me.

As she entered the old parlor on the day of which I write, there was a sparkle in her brown eyes, and a dash of excitement in her manner, which I had never seen before. She answered my morning salutation briefly, and began to arrange the flowers, which always stood upon the piano, for me. But her small hand trembled, and at last she gave up the attempt, and turned towards me with a smile.

"You are nervous, Rose," I said, as she drew a great easy chair beside me and buried herself in its depths.

"Am I? Well, yes, I confess it. But then I have cause. Only to think! Justus has come home, and we are so happy!"

"Justus!"

"Oh, I forgot that you do no. know him," she said, laughing gleefully. "You know my own father died long ago?"

"So you have told me."

"My mother married again—and Justus is the son of her second husband, by his first wife. Do you see?"

"Yes."

"He is not my brother, then, although I always have called him so. But no son could be kinder to a mother than he has been to mine," she added, with tears in her eyes. "You will love him, I know—you cannot help it. Especially when I tell you——"

She paused, and blushed.

"That he is to be a son to her in reality, Rose?" I cried, guessing the truth at once.

She nodded her head.

"It was all settled when he was at home last, and now he has come for me. He is a physician, you know, and my mother and myself are to live with him, in the home he has chosen out west. Are you glad I have told you this?"

"Very, very glad, dear Rose. It is quite a little romance in so quiet a life as yours. And when did this knight arrive?"

"Only last night, long after you had gone to bed. I would not tell you this morning at breakfast, as he took that meal in his own room. But you will meet him at dinner."

"He is, then, the unknown singer I have been listening to. I could not imagine what bird you had caged there, Rose?"

"Ah, you have heard him, then?" she said, her face lighting all over. "Is not his voice beautiful? Ah, when you come to see him, you will be delighted with him. All women are. He is so noble, so graceful and handsome—and then his eyes are so fascinating, that——"

She was sitting with her face towards the door, and broke off suddenly, giving me an opportunity to exclaim, half spitefully—

"Rose, I sha'n't like him, I know. I never could abide handsome men. They are only fit to look at for a little while, and as for your 'lady-killers,' I have no patience with them. Let him go, Rose, and marry a *man*."

There was a kind of horrified pause on the part of poor Rose, and I suddenly became conscious that another person was in the room with us. I turned sharply around, and saw a tall, elegant gentleman, who was trying hard to conceal the smile my words had provoked. I felt every drop of blood in my body pouring into my face, as Rose introduced us, and, after a few commonplaces, made my retreat into the garden, where I could think at my ease, and recover the senses my tremendous blunder had scattered to the four winds.

By-and by they came and stood together at the open window. I could see them from my seat beneath a flowering syringa, without being seen, and I watched them very attentively.

Yes—he was handsome—one could not deny that. Strange to say, there was a resemblance between them. By the side of her lover, (who was a large and finely-formed man,) Rose looked almost too fragile and delicate. Yet in the clear, pale complexion, the soft brown eyes, and the curling hair, a likeness certainly existed between them.

As I looked longer, I grew dissatisfied. If Justus Atherton's face was a true index of his character, how had he ever loved *her?* He seemed to me bold, relentless, ambitious, and designing; and I thought to myself, then, if he took her away from home and friends, to share a life which must be uncongenial to a soul like hers, how quickly she would droop and fade. She was not made for the bustle and tumult of the world he delighted in—she was not made to share his dreams and hopes. What perverse fate had brought two, so ill-suited to each other, together, and bound them apparently for life?

I joined them. Rose greeted me with a mixture of embarrassment and pride which was very charming, and Justus Atherton stood quietly on one side, stroking his moustache, and listening to us as we talked. By-and-by his quiet face lit up, and his brown eyes flashed, as he looked out into the road.

"By Jove! That was splendidly done!"

"What! what!" cried Rose and myself, springing up beside him to look.

He pointed to a lady on horseback, who had just leaped her horse over the enclosure, in the place of coming quietly through the gate, and was now halting to fix her long hair, which had been loosened by the feat. It was my cousin, Olive Fairbanks, who was rusticating in our quiet village, and "doing penance," as she laughingly expressed it, for the gaities of her winter in her native city of New York.

I had never called Olive handsome or beautiful. But she had a far more dangerous quality than either of these—she was *lovely*. Tall and elegant in figure, graceful in every movement, she was also gifted with a face and manner that charmed every one who beheld her. Her face was *very* fair. Her forehead was low and wide, and shaded by heavy bands of satin-smooth, brown hair, her cheeks, colorless, and sloping ovally to a delicately-molded chin—her mouth very small and sweet, with its full, red lips, and teeth like little pearls—and her eyes were large and bright, and beautifully blue. But alas, with all these outward gifts, the inward ones, which should have corresponded, were wanting. She had that pride and love of power which sent Lucifer headlong from heaven—she was unscrupulous, crafty, and designing, and cruel, even to those who loved her, and whom she seemed to love.

Yet there she sat before us, bright and beautiful as a May morning. I thought of the "whited sepulchres" of Scripture, as I saw her ride gaily up, and hold out her hand to Rose, who took it because it was offered, and because it was customary to do so—but not (I knew it only too well) because she loved her.

I was watching Justus Atherton closely as she was introduced to him, and I saw the color rise in his pale cheek as he bent above her hand, and said something in a low voice about being happy to welcome his sister's friend. I saw Rose start, too, at the emphasis he laid upon the word "sister," and turn away to hide the tears that would fill her eyes. As for Olive, she said little. She looked a moment into his face, and turned carelessly away to talk with me. When we all adjourned to the parlor, she hung her horse's bridle on a branch of the tree that grew beside the window, and followed us, without seeming to notice him.

I think this very coolness won him. He was so used to homage from women, so spoiled by their flattery, that when one who seemed perfectly indifferent to him crossed his path, his vanity was piqued, and his heart touched for the first time. He hovered around Olive with an eager yet respectful air, listened attentively to her slightest word, picked up her glove or riding whip, if she chanced to drop them, and seemed unable to turn his eyes from her face.

She had come in in a fit of *ennui*. But as she noticed his manner, she bit her lip, smiled, and grew more-like her capricious, haughty self. She sat down at the piano, rattled over the keys, and finally began to sing—

"There's not a garden walk I tread—
  There's not a flower I see—
But brings to mind some hope that's dead,
  Some joy I've lost, with thee!
And still I long for that bright sphere,
  Where sins are all forgiven;
For, though thou'rt lost forever here,
  Thou'lt yet be mine in Heaven!"

They were strange words for her to sing then! She seemed to feel it, like all the rest of us, for, after a moment's pause, she started up and turned to me.

"Come, coz, will you go back with me? I will walk and Duke will follow us, as quietly as if he were a dog."

Yes, I would do anything to get her away from that place—and him! I shook hands with Rose, who stood, pale and grave, beside the piano, nodded a good-by to Justus Atherton, and followed her from the room. He came after us—he led her horse around, and placed the bridle in her hand. She did not thank him—she only said—

"There was no need of that, Mr. Atherton; Duke would have come to me alone. Come, pet," she added, patting the neck of the horse, who followed her with dainty steps. "Good morning, sir."

I could not help laughing in my sleeve to see the astonished look with which Atherton regarded her as she passed out of the gate. But when we were alone, I told her frankly how much pain she had already caused my friend, and begged her to keep out of the sight of a man who was evidently vain and fickle, and would not hesitate to crush the gentle heart that was confided to his care. She heard me through, and gave a disdainful sniff.

"Is that all you have to say, my cousin?"

"I should think it was enough, Olive," I answered, indignantly.

"Bah! you don't understand the matter. You say he admires me. I'm sure I appreciate his good taste. But am I to go to him now and say, 'My dear sir, don't fall in love with me, because you are engaged, and it's all useless.' That would be fine."

"But, Olive, hear me for one moment!"

"Not I, till you can talk reason and sense. Duke, come here."

She laughed lightly at my look of disappointment and disgust, and springing into the saddle, waved her hand in adieu, and rode away. I sighed for Rose; I could see only too well the cloud that was gathering in the sky that had looked so fair to her.

CHAPTER II.

We garland the urn with white roses,
  Burn incense and gums on the shrine,
Play old tunes with the saddest of closes,
  Dear tunes that were thine!
  But in vain, all in vain;
  Thou art gone—we remain! STODDARD.

We grow indignant when one man stabs another to the heart; we waste very little time in talking, before we have the criminal taken, tried and condemned. We do not leave him till, by his life or perpetual imprisonment, he has atoned for the crime he has committed. We quote the well-known text, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," but ah, do we ever add, "a heart for a heart." Our worst wounds are given, and we show no outward sign; a blow is struck which is worse than death, and who knows it? In one sense we are mortally wounded—are dead! For faith and hope and trust have been taken from us forever, by the hand that struck that fatal blow, and no one can make restitution to us for them. Yet the assassin lives on, to give the same deadly stab to many another trusting heart, and the world smiles upon him through all. It were well, if, for such as these, a moral cord and gibbet could be prepared.

From the first day on which Justus Atherton met my cousin, I knew only too well how it would be. Through all the cool indifference of her manner, I could see that she was fascinated with his beauty, and his bold, determined character. On his part, nothing was wanting to foster this faint liking into such a love as only two bold, bad spirits could feel for each other. Utterly disregarding every impulse of honor, he gave himself up to the influence of this wild passion, without a thought for the future, save that it must one day give him what he most ardently desired.

He had been a good son and a tender brother. He would, it may be, have made a kind and faithful husband, had Olive never crossed his path. But I doubt it. The element of constancy to a nature so pure as was that of Rose, was not in his nature. Like seeks like. And can we imagine the prince of darkness contented and happy by the side of one of the angels of Heaven? It may be a very strong comparison, and yet I am forced to confess that it came often into my mind at this time.

For a time I tried to conceal the fatal truth from Rose. But before a week had gone by, I saw that she knew it only too well. It was evident in her altered step and tone, it showed itself in the languid glance of her eye, that spoke of frequent tears. I wondered sometimes if Atherton noticed it. I hardly think he did. He was so intent upon winning the heart of the bright creature who flashed mockingly hither and thither before him, that I think he gave himself very little trouble as to whose cheek paled and whose eye dimmed in watching vainly for his coming. And then, like all others of his sex, he had little skill in reading a woman's heart. He fancied the rash, ardent nature of my cousin concealed more fire, more passion, more life and joy, than the calmer one of Rose. Perhaps it did. But the love of one would wrap him like the fiery garment of old, which consumed its wearer, while that of the other would have encircled him with its pure and holy rays, brightening his path through life, and leading him, at last, to Heaven. The quiet of real happiness, and the delirium of false and frenzied joy were within his grasp; he had his choice, and took it!

At this time business took me from the village for the lapse of two weeks. I came home late one afternoon, to find Rose sitting by the piano, with her face hidden in her hands. She was not weeping; she was in utter despair. In her lap lay a package of trifles—a book, a picture of herself, a braid of hair mounted for a watchguard, and an elegantly chased ring I had always seen upon Atherton's finger. It was all over, then!

I was about to retreat silently from the room, when she looked up and saw me. A deep flush covered her pale face, as she held out her hand to welcome me.

"Do not go, my dear friend. I came here because I would not disturb my poor blind mother with a grief I cannot help feeling for a little while."

I sat down beside her. She played with the ring a moment, and a bitter smile broke over her lips.

"You see them all here," she said, quietly. "All my gifts are returned—all my gifts, at least, since we were engaged. He is free, now, and only my brother again. So I have only to be thankful that it is no worse, and live on as quietly as I can."

"Oh, Rose, can this be true?" I cried indignantly. "Has he deserted you for her?"

Her lips trembled a little at the word.

"Yes, I am 'deserted,' I suppose. I have seen how it must be, all along. How could I expect to keep him, when she stood before him with her beautiful face, and winning ways? It was folly, and yet I dared to do it."

"I disown her—I never can——"

"Hush! hush!" she said, gently, "If they love each other, why should we complain; oh! it is better that it happened now. What should I have felt if this had come upon me when he was my husband?"

At that word she faltered a little. She put her hands up to her face, and wept bitterly. I was silent, speechless through indignation.

"At first," she went on, after a little pause, "I am afraid I was very hard and bitter. But it is different now. I can say, most truly, 'The will of God be done.' I loved him too much—I made him my idol, and now he is taken from me. Never more shall I see his face—never again shall I hear his step in the chamber above—never hear him singing there the songs I love. He has gone—he has gone—and with him my happiness and hope. Yet not my will, oh, Father, but thine. Not mine! not mine!"

All her self-control had vanished. She flung herself upon her knees, and lifted her streaming eyes to Heaven. I wept myself, with a bitter pain at my heart, that one of my own house should have brought such misery upon her. I could not console her—I could only leave her with the God whose help she invoked so fervently. I kissed the hand she placed in mine, and went out from the room. It was my purpose to seek my cousin, to demand an explanation of her treachery from her, to make her atone for the injury she had wrought, if it were possible. It was almost a hopeless task I had undertaken; I found it to be so when, upon my arrival at her lodgings, I found her maid in all the bustle of packing trunks for her approaching departure to New York.

I found Olive lying on the couch in her dressing-room, with her white hands clasped above her head, and a smile lingering round her half-parted lips. I burst in upon her luxurious reverie with bitter scorn and reproaches. I question if ever, in her whole life, she has had the truth told her so plainly since.

She listened lazily, and stifled a yawn when I had finished.

"It is a queer welcome, but never mind," she said at last. "If you are quite done, my dear cousin, perhaps you will take a chair."

"Never will I sit down in your presence again," I gasped, "till you tell me you are not going to marry him!"

"Marry *him!*" she said, looking at me scornfully. "Do I look like the wife of a country physician?"

"And yet you loved him."

She winced and colored. My random shot had taken effect.

"And if I did have some slight fancy for him, I could not afford to follow it out, and I told him so. I am going to marry one of the richest merchants of my native city within a month."

"And Atherton."

"Will never trouble me again."

I thought she looked a little moved. I wrung my hands, and cried out passionately—

"Why, why did you do this, if you had really no thought of marrying him?"

"Oh, one must do something in the country, and then he was so handsome," she said, showing her white teeth wickedly.

I rushed from the room, and her silvery laugh followed me mockingly. I am afraid, at that moment, I hated her in my heart. From that day (and many a weary year lies between me and it) I have never looked upon her face again, though I hear of her often, as living the same gay, careless, and cruel life as ever. But the time will come—the time will come!

It was beautiful to see the way in which Rose bore this heavy blow. She never complained—she even taught herself to speak his name as fondly as ever, that her blind mother need not know the real cause of his sudden departure. When, at last, she laid that mother in the grave, and was free to indulge her sorrow, I could not detect the slightest alteration in her manner. When I came from the city each summer, she was ready to meet me, as the stage stopped at the gate—a little paler, it may be, a little more quiet, a little fonder of singing the dear old songs, in the parlor, at twilight, each time—but otherwise the same. It seemed a grave and dreary life to me, but I think she loved it. There was a memory of him connected with every nook and corner of the house and garden and I think if she had been forced to give them up, her heart would have broken. As it was, her life resembled one of those placid "tarns" we sometimes see among the Scottish hills, mirroring the blue sky, and the small flowers that grow upon its banks, unruffled by adverse breezes, unshaken by adverse storms, but always still and quiet and peaceful—so peaceful that the weary traveler flings himself down beside it, and almost loves to breathe his life out there.

We were both older and graver than we had been when Justus Atherton returned from a long tour in Europe, where he had hurried, after his rejection at the hands of my cousin. Rose was not with me in the city. I was glad of it, when as I was musing over my library fire, one cold evening in January, the servant brought me a card with his name upon it. I went down to the drawing-room at once, and found him walking up and down the floor nervously. He was much changed. He had grown dark, and pale, and thin, and the brown curls, of which Rose had been so proud, were streaked with gray.

He hardly gave me time to welcome him home, before he gasped out—

"Tell me of Rose. Is she yet living?"

"She is, Dr. Atherton."

"And well?"

"She was when I heard from her, last month—perfectly so."

"Thank God!"

He seemed to breathe freer, and took the chair I offered him. He sat lost in thought for a moment, and then turning to me burst out abruptly:

"I suppose you are wondering how I dare appear in your presence, after I have treated that sweet girl so ill. But I have a favor to ask of you, which I beg of you to grant. Will you go with me to see Rose?"

I looked astonished—I am sure I was so.

"You do not understand me," he said, passionately. "Not for worlds would I give her another pang. I am coming back to her. Do you think she ever can, or will, forgive me?"

"Dr. Atherton, she is a woman!"

I could say no more—the words choked me.

"Thank you. And you will go with me, my dear friend, and plead for me with her?"

I could not withstand him while he looked at me with eyes so like hers. I promised to go. By daylight the next morning we set out, in a blinding snow-storm. Our progress was but slow that day. The mighty engine labored through drift after drift, till night set in. Then just as I had sunk into a troubled sleep, worn out and wearied by the tedious journey, I was roused by a sudden stoppage, and a confused talking round me, to hear that we could go no farther. We were not again on our way till the next noon, and it was only on the fourth night after leaving the city that we arrived safely in Holdenboro, the little village where Rose resided.

We drove at once to the cottage. I saw a faint light in the parlor, but the path to the front door was drifted, and the porch was full of snow. We went wondering around to the side door. A tall, hard-featured woman met and admitted us. My heart sank within me when I saw it was the village nurse.

"We expected you day before yesterday," she said, as she helped me to lay aside my things. "The telegraphic message was sent on Monday; and poor Miss Rose will hardly live the night through."

"Is Rose ill?" gasped Atherton.

She turned and looked at him for the first time.

"Doctor, is it you? And you have not heard—dear! dear! it's a bitter welcome to give you both! Miss Rose has had the typhoid fever. We sent for her friend when we were afraid she could not live, and now she is sinking fast. You must go to her very soon, if you wish her to know you."

There was no time for tears. We sent the nurse in to prepare the dying girl, and followed her in a few moments.

Rose had been brought into the old parlor directly she was taken ill. A telegraphic message had been waiting for me in New York, during the whole of our long journey, and I had only come to see her die. Yet I could not think of my own grief, in soothing, or trying to soothe, that of Atherton, who flung himself upon the floor, and wept and sobbed in utter agony of spirit.

It was long before he was calm enough to enter the sick room. He shrunk behind the curtains of the bed, and let me go up alone. She was lying upon her pillows, white and still, as if she were already dead, with her physician sitting beside her. He rose as I came forward, and I knelt down beside her. She opened her eyes, and a faint smile played around her lips. I took her poor, wasted hand in mine, and bent over it in an agony of tears.

"Don't—don't" she whispered, putting her hand up to my face, with a caressing motion. "Now you have come, I am very happy."

"Oh, Rose! would to God I had never left you!" I groaned. "How little I thought, when we parted last, that we should ever meet like this! How little I thought to see you here!"

"I am happy," she said again, in the same faint whisper.

The village clergyman, who had been with her during the evening, and who had administered the sacrament, and performed the last offices of the church for the departing soul, now entered, followed by his wife and the nurse. Rose smiled faintly, and extended her hand. They came forward, and she bade them all farewell with touching tenderness. The good physician sobbed like an infant, when his turn came, and I—oh, how fell *my* tears!

"Is Justus here?" she asked suddenly, speaking aloud, for the first time and in her usual voice.

We drew back. He knelt by her side—he took her cold hand in his, and wept like a child.

"Oh, Rose, forgive me—forgive me! God knows how well I loved you through all—He knows how well I love you now."

Her face, hitherto pale, lit up with a clear, bright flush.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered, in the same sweet voice. "But oh, I shall die happy now!"

He bent his head and pressed his lips to hers. He raised her in his arms, and with her head pillowed upon his breast, and her hand resting in mine, she looked around upon us all with a beautiful smile.

"Pray for me, all of you."

We knelt around the bed. I watched her face anxiously as the solemn supplication fell from the minister's lips. I saw her eyes close; her breath came fainter and fainter—at last it ceased; and the hand I held grew cold! It was a happy death!

But oh! though I know full well that "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" the glories of the home she has won—though I could not wish her back upon this lonely earth—I can but sigh when I think of the old house among the maples, and remember that however we may pine for the light of her presence, she will never come again—that though a thousand flowers—the flowers she loved—grow up in beauty in the garden of her home, *our* Rose will bloom and blossom there no more!

THE RIVALS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You need not stay by my bed, Tommy,
My wants are all gone by,
And something's got in my head, Tommy,
That makes me wish to die.

You need not kiss my face, Tommy,
Nor keep your hand on my brow,
For see in my eyes the shadow lies,
Of another lover, now.

Jennie is out at the gate, Tommy,—
How fair she looks to-day!
My forehead is burning up, Tommy,
You must take your hand away!

She wears your rose in her hair, Tommy—
'Tis not so sweet as her breath—
Nay, do not kiss my mouth, Tommy,
I am almost choked to death!

She is coming up this way, Tommy—
I hear her footstep fall—
Straighten me, sweet, from head to feet,
And turn me toward the wall.

I am saying foolish things, Tommy,
I am sick and crazed, you know,
But mind, 'tis all myself, Tommy
Not you, that makes me so.

I wish I had better words, Tommy,
To thank you while I live,
For being so true, that I to you,
Have nothing to forgive.

Don't fret when I am dead, Tommy,—
'Tis sweeter thus to part,
Than to be upon my feet, Tommy
If Jennie had your heart.

THE FLOOD-LOCKED PRISON.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I never saw a man yet," said my friend, "who hadn't at some period of his life, had one or more very narrow escapes from death. 'An inch further this way,' or, 'an inch further that way,' and death would have been certain. Miracles of preservation are marked in the experience of all; and, when we consider how slight a cause often leads to fatal results, it is no wonder that the theory of miraculous interposition is so universally cherished. I have had a good many narrow escapes in my day, but I think the smallest chance I ever had of holding my life occurred last summer. It's the only time that I ever really gave up all hopes, and prepared to die.

"Charley Poole and myself were spending a few weeks in Conway, New Hampshire, stopping with that prince of landlords, Jonathan Dow, of the Conway House, and amusing ourselves as opportunity offered. Our chief source of amusement, however, was in trout-fishing upon Swift River. This is, as its name indicates, a wild, dashing stream, taking its rise among the mountains, and emptying into the Saco not far from our hotel. One morning Charley and I set out for a day's sport. We rode up about six miles, and having left our team in charge of a farmer who lived near the river, we footed it up some four miles further, intending to fish down to this point. When we reached the place where we were to commence fishing I waded across upon the ripples, thus taking one side of the stream, while my companion took the other.

"We had been fishing an hour, or so, when I discovered that huge clouds were rolling up over the mountains with every prospect of a shower. But I was too busy to think of rain then. The trout were biting freely, and I brought them ashore almost as fast as I could take care of them. At last the rain came, sweeping down like a cloud from the dark slopes of old Mote, and I was forced to find shelter. Charley had gone up into the woods on his side, but I found a snug place close at hand. Not a dozen yards from where I stood when the rain began to pour down was a large rock projecting from the bank, beneath which was a cover as good as a house; and under it I crept.

"The river's bank was high and steep here, presenting an almost perpendicular surface of hard, coarse marl and gravel. The rock which served me for a roof seemed to be a projection from a ledge, as the bottom upon which I sat was of solid rock, extending for some distance above and below me. As I gazed around I imagined that this place had been fashioned on purpose for a shelter. The overhanging rock was so low that no rain could beat in upon me, and then there was a sort of rocky barrier all about me, which prevented the little muddy streams that began to run down the bank from pouring in upon my seat. This barrier had been formed in part by the wearing away of the surface within, where a furious eddy probably worked in seasons of freshet, and partly by other rocks which had been deposited there by the spring-time torrents.

"The rain poured down with increasing fury, and at the end of half an hour I began to think of leaving my shelter and finding some place where I could cross the river, for I knew that if it held on much longer all chances of crossing would be gone, as the stream always swelled rapidly when it rained heavily upon the mountains. I was pondering upon the subject of crawling out, and had just made up my mind to do so, when I heard a low, rumbling sound over my head. I looked up, and saw the rock above me in motion. I dared not attempt to spring out, for I might be caught by the falling mass, so I started quickly to the extreme back of the retreat, and as I did so the ponderous roof came down with a dull, heavy crash. It had rested, near its center, upon the rock which formed the rear wall of the corner, but the projecting portion was by far the thickest and heaviest. That portion of the bank which had held it in its former place had become loosened by the streams which ran down its surface, and the ground had thus given up its hold, and let the rock follow its own inclination of gravity.

"As soon as I found that the rock had stopped, and was likely to fall no further, I began to think again of getting out; and when I had fairly recovered my senses, which had become somewhat scattered by the catastrophe, I crawled forward; but—there was a worse fate than fright in store for me. I was shut in! Not an aperture could I find large enough to put my head through! The barrier which had kept back the muddy streams from the bank from pouring in upon me now served as a wall, and the heavy roof rested upon it so evenly that all loopholes for escape were stopped. I tried to move those rocks which were detached from the ledge, but I might as well have put my strength against a mountain. I soon convinced myself that no power of mine could set me free from my prison, and I then began to cry out for help. I hoped that my companion might hear me, though it was hoping against hope, for the river was roaring with a sound that completely drowned my voice as it left my lips.

"But the sum of terror was not yet complete. As I lay upon my hard bed, almost exhausted, the water began to pour in upon me through a chink at the upper side of the cover. At first I thought it was from the bank, but I soon found my mistake. It came from the river! The stream was rising rapidly! The rain was falling in torrents, and I knew that ere long the swelling tide must increase four-fold. I had seen the river fill its banks in six hours, rising as many feet in that time. My place of retreat was not a foot above the level of low water, and I had not over three feet of room from the bottom to the top. The water must have risen nearly two feet already, else it could not have come in over the barrier. Another foot, and I should be lost!

"In came the torrent, dashing and whirling about me, and in ten minutes the water within was level with the water without. There was only about twelve inches now between the water and the rock overhead. I was upon my knees, and with the top of my head against the solid roof the flood reached to within two inches of my chin. I could look out through one of the apertures, and see the foaming, hissing torrent as it dashed on, bearing trees, and bushes, and logs upon its murky bosom; and I felt my life rushing on with it. I screamed with all my power—screamed till I was hoarse—and then I madly braced myself against the ponderous rock that had fallen down upon me. I strained every nerve and every muscle—I tore my clothing from my back—I bruised my flesh—but all to no purpose. I was shut in, as though by solid rock, and Prometheus himself was not more securely bound.

"When this paroxysm was past I began to reflect. The water was now up to my chin, and its rise was increasing in rapidity. Thousands of new brooklets were finding their way to the river, and I knew that in a few minutes more the flood would reach to the roof! I felt that I must die! It was a hard thought, but I could not dodge it. The thunder roared and rumbled over the mountain tops, but the lightning would not strike for me. I prayed that a bolt might shiver my prison-bars, and then I prayed that it might strike me. Anything would have been preferable to the lingering death before me. Finally the water reached my lips, and I turned my face upward; but the respite was short. The water gathered about my ears, and a thousand torrents seemed dashing upon my brain. The roar was intense beyond conception. There was a rolling, as of ten thousand thunders, upon the sensitive membrane of the ear, and I grew dizzy with the sound. But when the flood reached to my lips, I started back to life. In a few moments more all would be over. I cannot tell you all the thoughts that flashed through my mind then. I can only tell the final thought. It was of one I loved with all my soul, and of the two little, prattling beings who might soon be fatherless. I know that I had cried aloud in my agony—pronouncing the names of my wife and children—and that I had asked God to keep and bless them. I had pressed my hand upon my bursting heart, and was just ready to sink back into my watery grave, when there came a shock that made the solid rock tremble. I felt the ponderous mass above me in motion, and in a moment more it was swayed from its position, and I leaped up.

The furious torrent hurled me against the rock; but this sudden diversion in my favor recalled all my scattered energies, and I cast about me for support. I found that the rock which had served me for a roof and for a prison-bar, and against which the current now held me, had been hurled over upon its side, and was there stationary. I managed to climb to the top of it, and from thence I reached the bank, and clambered up; and, as soon as I reached a place of safety, I sank down utterly exhausted.

"When I revived, the rain had ceased falling, and the dark clouds were rolling away to the eastward, but the torrent below me was roaring and dashing as madly as ever. And I was able to see now to what I must have owed my escape. When the projecting rock under which I had sought shelter lost its hold in the bank, it must have swayed down the stream so far that it was very nearly balanced upon the rocks that formed the lower wall, or barrier, of my prison. As the water reached it, which it of course did when my last breathing space was gone, one of those huge logs, which came sweeping down by hundreds, must have been hurled against it with a force sufficient to topple it over. Those who have seen large logs borne upon the bosom of our mountain torrents, know with what marvelous force they strike anything that comes in their way.

"I was lame and sore, but I was able to walk, and finally I started for the hotel. I had a hard road to travel, through the woods and wild pastures, but I reached home at length, just as the sun was going down, and found Charley, with two or three others, upon the point of starting off in search of me. He had known nothing of my danger, and knowing that I could not cross the river after it began to rise, he had supposed I would foot it home upon the other side at my leisure; so he felt no concern until the day began to wear away without my return. However, I was safe, and under the kind care of my good host and his estimable lady I soon regained my strength, and was able to go up Swift River after trout again."

QUEER LOVERS.

We remember a singular courtship between two persons of very opposite dispositions. Although constantly in each other's company, they took little more notice of each than if they were casual acquaintances, unless perhaps to disagree, and yet, if they were only a mile apart, letters and messages were despatched each way out of number! Nay, the gentleman would frequently sit for hours, after the lady had retired to her bedroom, a distance of twenty-five feet by eighteen, writing notes, which he sent up stairs, receiving sundry billets-doux in return; and this, long after midnight! We cannot help pitying poor papas and mammas and their household, on trying occasions like these; but as it must be done, we say—nothing!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A READER.—It is impossible for us to answer all the "reasonable and proper questions" asked us. We have repeatedly stated that fact, and have also said that we do not consider ourselves under any obligation to answer a question simply because the asker is a subscriber, or because it is his first question, or because he wants an answer, or for any other reason. We answer questions, or we do not answer them, just as it suits our own convenience, and according to our own ideas of their importance and interest. The question which you now "ask for the second time" is so indefinite and uncertain, that it is impossible to answer it. You had better try again; and perhaps, by substituting clearness of expression for petulance of temper in your next letter, you will be enabled to state your case with sufficient perspicacity to warrant us in giving you an opinion upon it

FOR BACK NUMBERS of the "LEDGER" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer, seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail *all* the numbers of the LEDGER from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1858—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing *all* of these stories complete, on the receipt of $3. This is certainly cheap reading—eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the LEDGER during that period, for $3.

ELLENVILLE says a dispute has arisen in that village on the following question: A owes B $100, for which he gives his note, payable in one year, with 7 per cent. interest, and at the same time A has a hundred dollars lying in his desk. How much does he lose? Some say he loses only $7 in the year, others, that he loses $14—that is, the interest on the $200. It strikes us that he loses only the interest or use of the money which lies idle, and that is $7. At the beginning of the year he owes $100, and he has $100 to pay the debt with. If he then paid it, he would be even with the world, so far as this question is concerned. But he keeps his hundred dollars, and gives his note on 7 per cent. interest. At the end of the year his hundred dollars will lack $7 of making him square, and as it has been idle, he has lost this $7. If he had put out his hundred dollars at 7 per cent., one would have balanced the other, and he would have neither gained nor lost anything. *In effect*, he paid $7 for the privilege of keeping his $100 cash lying in his desk for twelve months. It is plain, therefore, that the seven-dollar view of the question is the correct one.

JONAS.—It is, perhaps, impossible to say for certainty where, when, or how the custom of "fooling" people on the first day of April originated. An old London print, for April 13th, 1769, says: "The custom is of Hebrew origin. It is said to have begun from the mistake of Noah in sending the dove out of the Ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month which, among the Hebrews, answers to our April. To perpetuate the memory of this deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the patriarch." This is a very good way to account for the origin of the custom, as such things are usually accounted for, but it is rather apocryphal. The dove did not go on an "ineffectual errand." On the contrary, Noah learned just what he sought to learn by each of her visits to the deluged world.

ULYSSES writes us that while a respectablea nd wealthy gentleman of New Kent County, Va., was recently sitting at dinner, with his family, a violent storm of wind and hail suddenly arose, and after a time several heavy substances were heard to fall upon the ground near the house. The gentleman went out to see what they were, and found them to be large pieces of flesh. There were a great number of these pieces, which seemed to have fallen from the clouds. The fact of their fall was communicated abroad, and a great many people came to see them, but no one could tell what animal they belonged to, nor could anybody explain the phenomenon satisfactorily. We confess we cannot throw any light on the mystery. That they fell from the clouds, we do not believe.

JUGGERNAUT.—This correspondent says: "A friend who is in the habit of frequently visiting at our house, occasions us much uneasiness by constantly sneering at missions and missionaries in the presence of our children, whom we have taught, and still teach, to look upon the civilization of the heathen as one of the most important and beneficent enterprizes of the age. What shall we do? Has a man any right to hold such opinions as our friend expresses? How can we put a stop to his sneers without giving him offence?" You should frankly say to him what you have said to us in regard to the teaching of your children. Do not question his *right* to his opinions, but say that the *expression* of them before your children gives you pain. Let him hold any views that he pleases, and hold his tongue also.

INEZ wants to know what Lord Byron means by the following lines, which occur in the first canto of "Childe Harold"—

"It is that settled, ceaseless gloom,
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,
That will not look *beyond the tomb*,
But cannot hope for rest before."

He refers to the unhappiness of the unbeliever, who is miserable in this world, and cannot look for rest beyond the tomb—a truth which Lord Byron has beautifully and impressively expressed in the above lines, by the reference to the terrible fate of the fabled Wandering Jew.

M. C.—You should be more tender of your mother's feelings, and pay more respect to her suggestions, even if you *know* they are in many respects unwise. A *loving* son *instinctively* perceives how to act so as not to wound a mother's heart, and the fact that you are at a loss in this respect would be sufficient proof of your unfilial nature, did the tone of your letter leave us in any doubt on this point. Your whole course is wrong, and until you change it we cannot render you any aid. We have no sympathy with a son who treats his mother disrespectfully and unkindly.

GOLCONDA.—A diamond in its rough state is recognized by its appearance, the same as a peach or anything else is recognized. A person who knows nothing about diamonds, of course cannot judge of them, or even tell one when he sees it. Even persons who have handled a good many of them, are sometimes imposed upon, and mistake false diamons for genuine ones.

M. E.—It would not be improper for a young lady to accept the escort home from a *private* party of a gentleman whose acquaintance she had only made that evening, as the fact of his having been invited thither would be a sufficient guarantee of his respectability.

V. T.—Salt *is* sometimes made by boiling the water of the ocean.

ORPHAN BOY.—You did right to quit the service of the man you refer to. His habitual profanity, and his dishonest dealing with his customers, in which he wishes all his assistants to participate, were sufficient reasons for your quitting him. His threats in regard to blasting your character, and to pursuing you to the last day of your life, are of no consequence. By living up to the excellent advice and instruction given you by your mother during her last illness, and which you say occasioned you to adopt your present course, you will be able to bid defiance to all such bad men as your late master.

SANCHO.—There is no reason why you should give up the notes until your claim is settled to your satisfaction. As the matter now stands, you are secure, unless the maker of the notes becomes irresponsible, (which you believe to be altogether improbable;) but should you give them up, you would have only the promise of your friend to rely upon. No doubt your friend is an honorable man, but suppose he should die suddenly, before adjusting the matter, where then would be your remedy? Never give up a tangible for an intangible thing.

RELEY.—You should act up to the dictates of your own conscience; and it is a safe rule never to do what you fear *may* be wrong, nor omit to do anything which you think it *might* be wrong to neglect.

ARCHER.—Assert your innocence of the matters charged against you, and then leave the result to time. If you really are innocent, you will come out right in the end.

MARIANNE.—You would do well to exchange your guitar for a broom and wash-board, until you recover your health.

A BOSTON BOY says the school he attends have for several days been discussing the following problem:—Two travelers, A and B, bought a loaf of bread for 8 cents, A paying 5 cents and B 3 cents. On sitting down to eat the bread for their dinner a third traveler, C, came along and offered to give them 8 cents if they would allow him to share the loaf with them equally, each taking a third. This was agreed to; and A and B divided the 8 cents between them, according to their just rights. What was the share of each? The boys of the school can only make out that A should have 5 cents and B 3 cents of the 8 paid by C, but the teacher says that is not correct, and in despair, the boys apply to their never-failing friend, the LEDGER. Well, the boys are wrong. A should have 7 cents and B only one cent. This will undoubtedly seem to be altogether wrong, at first, to the boys, but they can work the thing clear, with a little effort. A having paid 5 cents would own 5-8 of the loaf, and B 3-8 of it—or, to enable us to work out the problem, we will change the denominator and say A's share was 15-24 and B's 9-24t The three travelers were to have each a third of the loaf, or (what is the same thing) 8-24 of it. As B owned but 9-24 he of course could contribute only 1-24 to make up C's 8-24 and A would have to give the other 7-24 out of his 15-24. And as A would therefore give C seven times as much bread as B would give him, he should have seven times as many of the cents paid for the bread by C; and this would of course give A seven cents out of the eight, and leave one cent for B.

A ROMEO loves a young lady who bears an excellent reputation, is a member of the church, and of good character so far as he knows. But he recently heard something derogatory to her reputation, which occurred previous to her uniting with the church, and although he don't believe it, it worries him, and he wants to know how he shall find out its falsity. He should question the person whom he heard mention it, and follow up the rumor to its source. Such ruinous gossip is highly reprehensible, and should not be permitted to pass unnoticed or unpunished.

MAHOMET.—There is no law in this country against a man's changing his religious belief whenever he pleases, or adopting the theories and tenets of whatever sect or school he fancies. As you were foolish enough to give up the Bible for the "Book of Mormon," it is not at all to be wondered at that you should now be anxious to exchange the latter for the Koran. No one will molest you for doing so; and as to the danger of its injuring your intellect, we can only say that you do not seem to have enough left to be injured.

DANDELION.—Why not write to the young lady and explain how you happened to be in the company of the disreputable people, whom she so much abhors, on the occasion referred to? Your motive, as stated to us, was certainly a laudable one, and did your indignant sweetheart understand it, she would not only modify her wrath but applaud your shrewdness and courage, in thus using the villains to further the ends of justice in the punishment of wrong and the protection of innocence.

AN OLD MAN.—The story to which you refer, of the overwhelming name, is told of an English judge, who, on asking a witness how he spelled his name, was answered—

Double you, double O, double D, E,
R, O, double you, double F, E.

The learned judge threw down his pen in despair, saying he could never put down such a name as that. The witness then wrote down his name, and it proved to be "Wooddeorowffe," which is written "Woodroff" now-a-days.

BEATRICE.—Your friend is somewhat in error. Education—that is intellectual education—does not necessarily make a man more moral or religious. It gives him greater capacities for good or evil, just as he happens to be inclined to the one or the other. Education is simply an *instrument*; the manner in which it will be used depends upon the user's moral and religious nature, and the circumstances wherewith he is surrounded. Hence the necessity for paying strict attention to the moral and religious culture of children.

BLACK RIVER GIRL.—It is true that Stephen Girard, in his bequest of the sum for founding the college in Philadelphia which bears his name, forbade that any clergyman should ever enter within its walls. That provision still stands, and of course the managers of the institution dare not knowingly permit it to be violated. But they do not inquire of visitors of what profession they are members, and so cannot tell clergymen from other people. In this way, "Uncle Stephen's" bann is neutralised.

SOLDIER.—Should you return to England, or venture into any part of the British dominions, you would be liable to seizure as a deserter. Your only hope would lie in your not being recognized. The laws of this country would, in such a case, afford you no protection. Could a soldier of one nation run into the territory of another government, become naturalized there, and then return home and bid defiance to his own government, there would be no end of trouble.

TOMMY.—A dog may or may not be a "good thing in a family." We prefer *not* to have one. There is always danger of their going mad; and then one bite of a child, or other member of the family, inflicts a life-long agony. It is but a short time since four children in one family, in Philadelphia, were bitten by a pet dog gone mad, every one of whom died with the hydrophobia. Such a risk is too fearful a one to run for any earthly consideration.

TAKE NOTICE.—Many correspondents ask us what Mr. So-and-so's position and reputation are in his profession, what the history of some public man is, where they can find some article of merchandise, and which is the best of the kind, and numerous other questions of a similar character, answers to which would involve "puffs" and biographical notices, or invidious distinctions which would operate unjustly. Such questions we do not answer.

ORLEANIAN, who is very ambitious and very poor, wants to become a useful member of society, and he wishes to know what profession he should follow in order to gain his object. He should choose whatever profession best suits his taste and capacity. The main thing will be his *conduct*—the manner of pursuing his profession.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

A. Y.—It is sometimes proper to ask one's friends for letters of introduction to parties living at places one intends to visit. Such matters must be regulated by the degree of intimacy existing between the friends, and the whole circumstances of the case. It is impossible to lay down a general rule on the subject.

CONRAD.—The "Association" you mention has failed, but not from any cause which reflects dishonor upon it. Its failure is an out and out mercantile or business one, and is not tainted with swindling. "Fillibuster" is from the Spanish. Certain kinds of freebooters are by them called *fillibusteros*.

EARNEST INQUIRER—Yes. The descriptions of London rascals and of East India life, given in the story of Richard Hoffman, are true to the life.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—You are evidently taking a wrong course with your daughters. The admiration bestowed, the sums expended, and the time lavished on arts which add little to the intrinsic value of life, should have limitations. While these arts are admired, let not the admiration of them be carried to excess, or beyond their just value; while they are practised, let it not be to the exclusion of higher employments; and let them be cultivated to amuse leisure and not to engross life. The study of the fine arts is forced on young persons with or without genius to such an excess, as to vex, fatigue, and disgust those who have no talents, and determine them, as soon as they become free agents, to abandon all such tormenting acquirements; while by this incessant pursuit still more pernicious effects are often produced on those who actually possess genius, such as you say one of your daughters exhibits. Though an intelligent young lady may with propriety learn most of the so-called fashionable arts, yet it certainly is not the true end of education to make ladies dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, engravers and embroiderers. Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be absurd for them to attempt to exercise their profession or pursue their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the avocations of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of women, to which the best of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers and mistresses of families. They should therefore be trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated as occasion demands, to each of these respective situations; for though the arts which merely embellish life, must claim admiration, yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion a husband wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance; but a wife who can comfort and counsel him—who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate—who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. We would advise you, therefore, to bestow upon your daughters a predominance of those more sober accomplishments, which not having display for their object, may make them wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists—the exercise of which will not bring celebrity but promote usefulness. Give them every kind of knowledge which is rather fitted for home consumption than public exhibition, for such is particularly adapted to women.

INVESTIGATOR.—The first Alexandrian library could not have contained any *printed* books, as it was destroyed by fire, forty years B. C., and the art of printing was not invented until over fourteen hundred years thereafter. It contained only manuscripts, but they were of exceeding value, and numbered over four hundred thousand. The second Alexandrian library, consisting of seven hundred thousand volumes, was destroyed by the Saracens, A. D. 640, under Caliph Omar, at whose command they for six months burned books, instead of wood, for the purpose of heating water for their baths. The logical Caliph, on being remonstrated with for destroying the precious books, said they either contained what was in the Koran or what was not in the Koran; and that if they contained what *was* in the Koran they were useless and might as well be burned, and if they contained what was *not* in the Koran they were impious and *must* be burned.

AN ILL USED LOVER says he had been engaged to a young lady for eight months, and had made her many valuable presents, and supposed she was going to marry him; but to his astonishment, she informed him, a few days since, that she was going to marry another man. At the time she told him this she had on a pair of costly bracelets that he had presented to her, and was wearing a jeweled watch which he had also given her. This, our correspondent thinks, is a most outrageous piece of business, and he wants to know if there is any way in which he can get back the articles he has presented to this faithless woman. There is no way you can get them, if she chooses to retain them. You can sue her for breach of promise in case she marries that "other man," and perhaps a jury would give you a verdict sufficient to reimburse you for the presents made to your faithless fair one. Your best course would be to say nothing about them.

OLD READER.—You are right and your neighbors are wrong. Instead of coming to a termination within *less* than seven years from its commencement, the Revolutionary war continued *over* that length of time. The first battle of the Revolution was that of Lexington, which was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. The last battle of that memorable struggle was that of James Island, S. C., which was fought on the 28th of August, 1782. The interval of time which elapsed between these two battles was seven years, four months, and nine days. Altogether, there were sixty-one battles fought during the Revolution.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot tell you how long the publication in question will be continued. Papers of the kind you refer to are frequently started in New York, and after publishing them for a few weeks or a few months (long enough to get a goodly number of country people to pay for them in advance) the publishers stop them, and the subscribers are cheated. The brass gift which you say you received, ought to be sufficient to convince you of the character of the publishers, without asking us for information.

SIGISMUND.—You will have to go before the surrogate of the county in which the deceased died, and in which his property lies, and probate or prove the will. By going to the office of the surrogate, and telling him or his clerk what you wish, he will give you all the necessary information and help you to have the business connected with the will properly done. So far as we know, all such public officers are courteous and accommodating.

RED MAN.—You can get as good an idea of savage life by reading Emerson Bennett's great Indian story, "BLANCHE BERTRAND; or, PERILS OF THE BORDER," now in course of publication in the LEDGER, as by reading any other work we know of. And in addition to its being full of information, it is replete with interest and thrilling adventure. Mr. Bennett is master of his subject.

DILATORY.—We do not sympathize with you at all. You should obey the rules of the college, or leave. The usefulness or the inutility of attending morning prayers in the chapel is a question which has nothing to do with the case. It is enough for you to know that you are *required to attend them*, by the rules of the college. *That* is the only question, in fact, which you have to consider.

1776.—You are very foolish to quarrel with your foreign neighbors about the heroism and prowess of American soldiers. Any discussion on the subject with Frenchmen is altogether superfluous and useless, for they believe in but one nation, one army and one general—the nation being France, the army being the French army, and the general being Napoleon.

DOCTOR.—You are mistaken in regard to physicians having especial rights in the enforcing of their claims for debt. Your bills are on exactly the same footing with other people's demands. If they are correct, and you can prove them to be so, and the debtors have property, you can collect them; otherwise not.

JAMESTOWN.—You should return the letters you have received from the young lady, also the mementos she had given you prior to the disagreement. A gentleman should, and a gentleman *will*, always act with the utmost generosity towards a lady in such a matter.

MISS E.—The stationery used in preparing your notes of invitations is of but little consequence. The style and spirit of the invitations are of most importance. Gilt-edged paper is not much used now-a-days by the most fashionable people. It is considered rather snobbish and vulgar.

OLD MAIDS' REFUGE.—Unless you have been released from the engagement, your old lover could sue you for breach of promise, in case you should marry another. But if you can prove that his character is what you say it is, you could beat him on the trial of the cause.

N. H.—We will not take any clubs from your town, as we prefer that everybody should buy from the news depots or book stores. From towns, however, where there are no news depots we, of course, take clubs.

NEWS DEALER.—Newspapers can only be sent free to subscribers in the counties in which they are respectively published, from the office of publication. A third party who buys them, cannot send them thus, free of postage.

PENSION.—You *might* get a pension from the Government, on the state of facts that you mention, but the time, labor and money you would have to expend to get it, would pay better if invested in almost any honest employment.

JACKSONVILLE.—You are on the wrong tack. The law is good enough, and right enough, and just enough; it is the *people* that are wrong. Reform the people and you will find the law quite competent to secure justice to all.

J. L.—The "Albigenses" were a sect of reformers, that arose in the twelfth century. They took their name from the town of Albigeois, in Languedoc, France, where the sect originated.

JESSIE.—You will have to apply to some one who has a practical knowledge of the daguerreotype and ambrotype business for the information you wish.

A CONSTANT READER.—It would not be improper to send the LEDGER to the young lady. Such acts of courtesy and kindness are always agreeable.

R. M.—The circulation of the LEDGER is considerably over three hundred thousand copies. The paper you mention has but a very small circulation.

W. M.—The paper to which you refer is no longer published.

A. C. M.—We do not give information concerning our contributors' personal affairs.

BOY OF FOURTEEN.—Your answer is correct.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*